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THE CLOSE OF THE ALABAMA CORRESPONDENCE.

THE correspondence between the British and American Governments with regard to the *Alabama* claims has at length been closed. There is nothing further to be said, for Lord STANLEY declines to extend the proposed arbitration so as to include the recognition of the South as a belligerent Power, and Mr. SEWARD thinks the whole arbitration worthless unless this is included. It is very much to be regretted that this difference of opinion has arisen; and, as the negotiation has been brought to a close by the refusal of England to accede to what has been asked of her, we ought to be especially anxious to assure ourselves that the course she has taken is the right and wise one. She says that, willing as she is to meet the United States on every possible point, she cannot refer the particular point in question to arbitration. But this raises a subject of considerable importance and of very great difficulty. What is the true scope of international arbitration, and what questions ought a nation jealous of its honour, yet sincerely anxious to live in peace and friendship with other nations, to be ready to refer to arbitration; and, further, what kind of questions is it possible that an arbitrator should decide, and what kind of decisions can he give? Or, to confine ourselves to the particular case before us, what are the reasons which should sway England when she is asked to refer to arbitration the question whether she was right in recognising so very promptly the belligerent character of the Confederates? And, at the outset, we may say that one or two of the reasons that will most naturally occur to any one thinking over the matter will be found, on further reflection, to be invalid. It may be said, that we were obviously right to recognise the South as a belligerent Power because the North at once subjected our vessels bound for Southern ports to the consequences of a breach of blockade. But this is only an argument to show that we were right. It is one of the principal topics on which we should insist before an arbitrator, but it cannot be said that we will not refer to arbitration any case which we think strongly in our favour. A reference to arbitration is merely an offer to prove to the satisfaction of an impartial and competent judge that we are in the right, and if we have an argument which is conclusive, we may all the more readily go before such a judge. Then, again, it may seem as if it were unfair and injurious to the dignity of England that we should be singled out and called to account for doing that which many other nations did also. France was prompt enough in recognising the South as a belligerent Power, and, as it is well known, wished subsequently to lead the way in going much further, and recognising the South as a Power that had actually established itself, and with which diplomatic relations might be instituted. Why should not France be asked to refer her conduct to arbitration? and if France is not held responsible, is not England made the object of an exceptional hostility which she ought to resent? The answer to this seems to be that the conduct of England, and of England alone, led to practical consequences of a character which the Americans think injurious to them. The *Alabama*, and vessels of her class, did sail from England, and did not sail from France. If a number of persons in the street quarrel and throw stones, they all break the peace; but if the stone of one of them happens to break a window, he is naturally arrested as the principal offender. The Americans may say that it is a much more serious act for a free Government like that of England to treat rebels as belligerents, than for a despotic government like that of France to take the same course, and that the history of what happened shows this to be the case, for the English Government, as a matter of fact, did not, while the French Government did, keep an effective watch over its ports. This argument seems a just one, for in every department of human life we have to recognise that, of

two men who pursue the same line of conduct, that one must suffer the severer retribution whose acts happen to lead to the worse results.

In almost every possible dispute the true way of ascertaining the strength and weakness of our own case is to place distinctly before us all that a calm and dispassionate adversary would have to say on the other side. How would an American jurist argue his case? His general reasoning would probably be something of this sort. The recognition of rebels as belligerents is confessedly, and always must be, an act adverse and unfriendly to the Power against which the rebellion is taking place; and all nations have shown this hitherto by the hesitation they have displayed in granting this recognition, or by the distinctly hostile attitude they have assumed when granting it. It was a very long time before France recognised the revolted colonies of England, and when she did so, she at the same time appeared as their ally in arms. The revolution in the American colonies of Spain had been going on for years before CANNING recognised them in any way, and when he did so he avowedly wished to annoy and baffle the Government of Spain, and the other reactionary Governments by which it was supported. These were cases in which the recognition was a recognition of rebel Powers, as not only belligerent, but established. But the mere recognition of rebels as belligerents is an encouragement which friendly Powers are generally very slow to give. Hungary not only revolted from Austria, but revolted so successfully that Austria only overcame the rebellion by the aid of a foreign Power, and yet England never recognised Hungary as a belligerent. It may be said that this was because Austria and Hungary were so placed geographically that England had nothing to do with them, and that there was no intercourse between England and Hungary the character of which, after the rebellion had broken out, it was necessary to fix, whereas trade and communication between England and the ports of the Southern States had been constant. But this argument may be turned exactly the other way, and it may be said that it was precisely because the South had so many intricate relations with England, and because it was so easy and natural for Englishmen, in conjunction with the many Southerners resident in England, to fit out vessels like the *Alabama*, that the prompt recognition of the belligerent character of the South acted so perniciously, in the South and in England, as regards the interests of the United States Government. It may be true that the enforcement of a blockade against English vessels imposed on England the necessity of taking the position of a neutral. But the recognition of the South had, in point of fact, nothing to do with the blockade. When Lord RUSSELL announced that the Southerners would be treated as belligerents, he did not know that the blockade was to be instituted, and it is the case of the Americans, not that this recognition was in itself unjustifiable, but that it was made so very promptly, and with such an appearance of anxiety to give the South every possible chance. After it had become known that a blockade had been instituted, England, if she had been a really friendly Power, might have pointed out that a persistence in the blockade must force foreign Governments to declare themselves neutral, and then, if the North had chosen to continue the blockade, it would have had nothing to complain of. And this hasty recognition of the South was practically connected with the fitting out of the *Alabama*. It instilled the belief into shipbuilders that the English Government would proceed very calmly in interrupting their operations on behalf of the South. Nine-tenths of the Conservative party, and a large section of the adherents of the Ministry were zealous partisans of the Confederates, and the escape of the *Alabama* may be in a great measure attributed to the fact that the majority of Englishmen then saw nothing very much to regret in her escaping. If a rebellion broke out in Ireland, and the American Government immediately recognised the

Irish as belligerents, and Irish privateers immediately issued from American ports, England would at once put the two things together, and would say that the Government of the United States was taking a studiously unfriendly course in order to revenge itself for the past action of England, and in order to please the large number of Irishmen in America. In order that relations of real friendship should be re-established, England would wish that America should purge herself generally of the hostile character she had assumed. And it happens that, in the case as it now stands between the two countries, an arbitrator would be able to express his opinion on this point in a precise and intelligible way. He would not be compelled to limit himself to a vague opinion that England had not been so friendly as might have been wished, but he would fix a particular sum to be paid as compensation for the losses inflicted by the *Alabama*; and the imposition of this penalty, if he thought proper to impose it, would be a very convenient form of expressing an opinion on the whole policy of England, without making it necessary to add comments of a kind painful for England to hear.

That many of these arguments might be refuted may be very true, but, when the case is stated as a whole, can many impartial Englishmen say that it makes absolutely no impression on them? If we can conceive any case at all parallel occurring, should we do again as we did then? Supposing the Rhenish, Polish, and newly-annexed provinces of Prussia were to revolt, should we immediately, without waiting scarcely a day, declare that we would treat the rebels as belligerents, on the ground that our large interests in the German and Baltic trade forbade delay? If new *Alabamas* escaped out of our ports, would not Prussia see a continuous stream of unfriendliness running through the acts of a nation on whose friendliness it might have thought it could rely? Looking back on the whole history of our dealings with America during the civil war, it is not going very far to own that we made some mistakes through an honest and natural ignorance. We tried in good faith to apply the few precedents we could find in text-books, and did not see at once that these precedents were too few and too petty to guide us. When we promptly recognised the South, it did not strike us seriously that we too might have rebellions which we should be very anxious no foreign Power should encourage. When the *Alabama* escaped, we did not at once perceive that British commerce was lamentably endangered by the precedent. All was so new to us that we could not make up our minds what to do. It was illegal to detain the rams, but they were detained, with general approbation. It would have been possibly in some sense illegal to have detained the vessels that happened to escape, as soon as they re-entered any British port; but this was not done, although it may now seem as if it would have been the wiser course to have detained them. We were in a position of great difficulty, and the Americans might be brought to recognise that, from the similarity of their institutions and laws, they would have had, in parallel circumstances, the same difficulties to encounter. But if we wish them to understand our case we must show that we have tried to understand their case, and if, on reflection, we think we were wrong on any point we must not be ashamed to own our mistakes. Still, we cannot see how arbitration could help us in the matter. If we were induced to think ourselves wrong in our immediate recognition of the South, the simplest way would be to say so, and even at this eleventh hour the whole subject might perhaps be advantageously brought once more before the House of Commons this Session. But what could an arbitrator do? How could he possibly pass an opinion to which we should bow? The King of HOLLAND would perhaps be as good an arbitrator as we could wish. And what would be some of the chief questions that the King of HOLLAND would have to settle? In the first place, we in England were never clear that the secession of the South was rebellion at all, for up to the moment of the outbreak of the civil war the leading statesmen of the North had pronounced that, if the South would go, it must be allowed to go. Is the King of HOLLAND to examine into the theory of the American Constitution? In order to have given the North the security they wanted, we should have had to change our municipal law either expressly or, as we afterwards did, tacitly. Is the King of HOLLAND to pronounce whether at any given moment an English Ministry could have ventured on the experiment? The constant assertion of the Americans is that the recognition of the South as belligerents and the escape of the *Alabama* were both indirectly due to the hostility of the English governing classes to a democracy. Is the King of HOLLAND to set himself to gauge the past feelings of English noblemen

and squires? Arbitration cannot touch issues such as these. It is only in place when there is a distinct point to be decided on distinct evidence. In the interpretation of treaties, for example, an arbitrator may be invaluable. Our long-standing dispute with the United States about the fisheries might have been, for example, referred very properly to an arbitrator; but no foreign Power can decide on the large vague issues to decide on which makes a part of the life of a great nation. No arbitrator could decide whether the MONROE doctrine ought to have been applied to drive the French out of Mexico, or whether the Italians are right in claiming Rome as their capital. It is not by arbitration that we can get to daylight in our present embarrassment. We must make up our own minds after mature reflection—after more reflection, we think, than has yet been bestowed—and then we must let the matter rest as it is, or, if we come to entertain new views, we must candidly announce them.

GOVERNMENT BY CLUBS.

WHEN Mr. BEALES, not satisfied with the Presidency of the Reform League, is organizing a Peace Association on the principles of the Geneva Congress, it is perhaps not unseasonable to inquire once more into the expediency of government by clubs. It may be admitted that the new Peace League will in all probability be perfectly harmless, as its operations will almost necessarily be confined to discussions on the policy of foreign countries, and to habitual advocacy of every civil and international war which tends to advance the power of democracy. The Peace Congress of Geneva proposed one general and universal war as the shortest road to the establishment of peace, and GARIBALDI was followed by the sympathy of his colleagues when he left Geneva to commence an unauthorized invasion of the dominions of the POPE. Mr. BEALES is an enthusiastic admirer of GARIBALDI's doctrines, and more especially of his latest enterprise; and it may be presumed that his proposed League will combine, with its denunciation of standing armies, approval of the revolutionary turbulence which forms a plausible excuse for the extravagant military establishments of the Continent. It is a more harmless occupation to preach to deaf or distant ears the duty of popular crusades than to devise proceedings which, according to Mr. BEALES, might have made the streets of London run with blood, or to assemble mob meetings and processions for the purpose of terrifying the Government, the Legislature, and the respectable classes. Mr. BRIGHT is mainly responsible for the first proposal of intimidation; but Mr. BEALES and his associates had the questionable merit of proving that large crowds might be collected in a great city for the purpose of threatening the opponents of any measure which tended to increase their own political power. It would be unjust to accuse the part of the population which answered the summons of disorderly conduct. The Hyde Park riot, though it has produced much subsequent mischief, was probably not premeditated; and it was partially excused by the injudicious measures of the Government or the police authorities. The ringleaders were far more culpable than their followers, although the sanguinary anticipations for which Mr. BEALES afterwards took credit to himself were probably afterthoughts. One of his colleagues, in the course of last autumn, suggested that certain statesmen in Ireland should be knocked down like the Hyde Park railings; but there is no reason to suppose that the incendiary language of a few obscure demagogues expresses any popular feeling. If it is desirable that legislation and Government should be influenced by the mob of the capital, the assemblages of 1866 and 1867 exercised the power of numbers in a comparatively mild and peaceable form; yet Mr. BRIGHT and Mr. BEALES have seriously weakened the securities of order and freedom by appealing from Parliament to the physical force of the multitude. The Fenian conspirators differ widely in character and in purpose from the more respectable members of the Reform League; but they have been encouraged in their seditious language, and indirectly in their murderous violence, by the ill-omened triumphs of Mr. BEALES and his fellow-agitators. The seditious funeral procession from Clerkenwell Green was managed by a subordinate agitator of the Reform League, in obvious imitation of the Reform processions of the previous year.

It is as easy to expose the difficulty of restraining a multitude assembled for purposes of intimidation as to understand the dangerous tendency of political mob meetings in London. The practice and even the theory of English law are founded on the assumption that legitimate authority will command willing obedience. Freedom requires respect for order as its

indispensable correlative, and hitherto it has not been necessary in England to govern by the aid of irresistible force. There would be no hesitation in France in dealing with any number of BEALES and FINLANS, for repeated experience has taught the Government that its very existence depends on its power and its readiness to suppress any attempt at agitation in the streets. If the police were not strong enough to disperse a Hyde Park or Clerkenwell Green meeting in Paris, the whole army would, if necessary, come to their aid; nor would the promoters of disturbance fail to meet with condign punishment. London is the only European capital in which there is a right of meeting, and the good sense of the population had prevented the abuse of the privilege from 1848 to 1866. It is not surprising that, when Mr. BRIGHT and Mr. BEALES induced menacing crowds to parade the streets, the guardians of public order were doubtful as to their duty, and conscious of inadequate resources. Perhaps, under the circumstances, it was prudent to offer no resistance; but the public display of the weakness of the Government against menace will probably accelerate the period of forcible repression. Orderly mobs, defying authority, encourage rioters and insurgents. It was not the fault of the more unscrupulous members of the Council that the agitating machinery of the League was not placed at the disposal of the Fenian conspirators. When the President, in a letter written from abroad, censured the violence of the Fenians, the clamour of his colleagues was so loud that Mr. BEALES himself soon afterwards protested that he had been misunderstood, and that his words had not involved any denunciation of the Fenians. The general disgust provoked by impudent and gratuitous professions of sympathy with treason was more consistent and pertinacious, and the principal offenders thought it prudent to explain away language which had probably been prompted by idle vanity. The former meetings and processions had tended more effectually to encourage Fenianism than the bluster of a little band of demagogues who have for the present ceased to be formidable.

It has been asserted that the League has done a good work, and it may perhaps be thought that the Reform Bill of last Session more than compensates for any of the untoward agencies which promoted its success; yet it cannot be supposed that any thoughtful politician wishes to revive in England the Jacobins or Cordeliers of the French Revolution. No reasonable objection can be raised to associations of persons holding similar political opinions, either to concert measures for the attainment of their objects, or to propagate their doctrines by any legitimate methods. The Reform League deserves censure because, like the revolutionary clubs of France, it employed mobs to supersede discussion. The speeches in the Council would never have attracted the smallest attention if they had not been supported by gatherings in the streets. Even if it were assumed that the objects of the meetings and processions were purely laudable, it would not be the less true that a multitude directed by a club is an instrument which may be used indifferently for good or evil purposes. A political League or Union never debates any but secondary questions, because no dissent is tolerated from the main doctrines of the association. The reasons which may be urged against the absolute supremacy of the poorer classes are never mentioned in the Council of the League; and the mob of which it occasionally disposes executes legislation which has not been preceded by discussion. As Mr. ELLICE lately said at St. Andrews, the leading agitators will probably be silenced, if they find their way into the House of Commons, by the unaccustomed necessity of submitting to hear both sides of a question. Where the expression of difference of opinion is virtually prohibited, ambitious orators, having no opponents to refute, are strongly tempted to outbid their rivals by violence and exaggeration. As long as a club confines itself to rhetoric, foolish speeches perhaps may do little harm; but a club with a Faubourg St. Antoine at its command is likely to use its force for the purposes of the most extreme and reckless of its own members.

The opponents of change have no power to create a similar organization, because the multitude naturally agrees with its flatterers and patrons. It is only when extreme violence has provoked a reaction that a "White Terror" proves, as in 1795, that a minority can borrow upon occasion the selfishness and injustice of a dominant multitude. In ordinary times mobs directed by Committees are exclusively democratic, and in truth their interference in public affairs is the worst form of democracy. A Parliament chosen even by the most promiscuous constituency is itself a selected body; but the ring-leaders of a rabble choose themselves, or are chosen by their followers for superior daring and recklessness. The Reform

League affects to act on behalf of the working-class, which may henceforth at its pleasure return a majority of the House of Commons; yet it seems that the new Constitution inspires less confidence than the old. The Reform League and the Reform Union have established themselves permanently for the purpose of teaching the future Parliament its proper business; and as long as no appeal is made to numerical force, the chronic agitation is not unconstitutional, although it might have been thought superfluous. Unless the good sense of the country has been deteriorated by recent events, both associations are likely to die out, or to subside into insignificance; but the lesson which was taught by the Reform League in its prosperous days will not be forgotten by future agitators. It is perhaps fortunate that the Fenians, promoting by the most odious means a cause with which no loyal Englishman can sympathize, have exhibited in an extreme and repulsive form the natural consequences of a defiance of law. The trivial affair of the Hyde Park railings was, like the Manchester rescue or the Clerkenwell explosion, a forcible act of opposition to the Government. From a riot to a massacre the transition, though it may be long, is gradual and uninterrupted. The brawlers who, in the spring of last year, nightly disturbed the quiet of Trafalgar Square with their speeches, were predecessors of FINLAN, if indeed he was not one of their number. The vitality of even the mildest forms of sedition is curiously illustrated by the occasional "REBECCA" outrages in South Wales, which have periodically recurred since the prostration of turnpike gates a quarter of a century ago. The original grievance is forgotten, but the habit of violent resistance to law survives; and subjects of dissatisfaction are certain to be forthcoming. The Reform League is industrious in its search for reasons for agitation, and on the first practicable occasion it will no doubt again resort to the mode of intimidation which it has once successfully practised. At present popular opinion is strongly averse to assemblages which tend even remotely to sedition.

ITALY.

GENERAL MENABREA has come before the Italian Parliament in a very singular position. He has been defeated on a vote of want of confidence, and he now addresses the Chamber that has thus recorded its disapproval of his policy, not in the tone of a suppliant or of a man beaten by his enemies, but in that of a kind, stern friend, who tells those who must yield to him some of the wholesome truths which they most need to learn. As no one else can form a Ministry, he is in a position which, for the moment, is a very strong one. He appears as the inevitable ruler of the country, and he claims the attention due to a person holding a station so eminent. Without displaying any traces either of irritation at his defeat or of triumph at finding himself indispensable, he goes boldly to the points he has most at heart. The Italians must not deceive themselves, he urges. They are still in very great peril. The utmost exertion of good sense, self-sacrifice, and honesty of purpose may not suffice to extricate the country from its embarrassments. But certainly, unless an effort is seriously made with the best feeling and with the concurrence of the leaders of all parties, Italy will see undone the work which it has cost her so much to do. Her present and immediate dangers are twofold. She is at this moment virtually bankrupt. She still manages to pay the interest of her public debt, but she has arrived at the point at which she must obviously fail to keep faith with her creditors unless she can entirely change the whole of her pecuniary position. A man who is utterly without any property may borrow a thousand pounds at fifty per cent., and pay his interest punctually for a year; but, unless he makes use of the interval to put himself in possession of totally new resources, he is really insolvent all the time. A country like Italy, with a deficit of sixteen millions in its annual Budget, is practically bankrupt. The only question is, whether it can find new sources of income while it has still breathing time given it. General MENABREA spoke as if he thought that the final catastrophe might be averted. Something is doubtless to be done by the reduction of the expenditure on the machinery of administration, and he proposes to bring in Bills at once for the purpose of effecting a saving. Scarcely any nation spends so much as Italy on its officials in proportion to the total amount of its revenue, and this has been partly caused by the necessity of taking over the official staff of the numerous incorporated provinces, and partly by the passion of the Italians for small pittance from the Government, which keep body and soul together and give a pretext for spending life in a long state of

dreamy indolence. But reduction of expenditure in administration cannot do much for an insolvent nation. Any saving that can be effected can only come gradually into operation. The existing officials cannot be turned suddenly quite penniless into the streets, and if General MENABREA managed to save anything like a million sterling a year by any reductions he could devise, he would do wonders. The outlay on the army and navy is not likely to be diminished; for if the necessary number of troops is provided to keep down Sicily and Calabria, and to garrison the fortified towns, there is left, on the present footing of things, no Italian army that is worth the name. The deficit can, therefore, only be met by the sale of the Church lands or by new taxes. The sale of Church lands has lately been going on very well; it is purely a question of the number of purchasers that will continue to be found. It must be remembered that the Government has begun by selling first those lots, such as land in the area of large towns, which will always find a market. Therefore it does not follow that, when these lots are exhausted, purchases will proceed with the same briskness. As to new taxes, there is this enormous difficulty, apart from the preliminary question whether the springs of industry will not be broken by imposing heavier burdens. If the tax is unpopular—and any tax really likely to produce cash in millions must be exceedingly unpopular—it will be resisted and shirked in the less well-affected parts of the country; and then those parts of the country where the Government is strongly supported will begin to complain bitterly, and to say that it is of no use to ruin themselves in their endeavours to uphold the honour of the State when the quota due from other provinces is not obtained.

Thus the two perils to which General MENABREA pointed really run into each other. Excessive taxation will tend to set province against province, and thus break up the unity of Italy; and at the same time this unity is menaced by the reactionary party, which is flushed with triumph and openly meditates new conquests. It is not satisfied with having guarded the present Papal territory. It also thinks the time is come when an attempt to get back that portion of the Papal territory which Italy has absorbed may not be unsuccessful. If the POPE could have all his own again, the South of Italy would be cut off from the North, and Naples would once more have the right sort of King and the right sort of Government. General MENABREA denounced these hopes of the reactionary party as absurd, and of course it is his business to say so; but if he had not thought them of importance he would not have noticed them at all. The truth is that, if Italy can manage to put her finances right, they are of no importance; but if this is beyond her strength, the clerical party, in the confusion and scandal of a national break-up, may succeed more than now seems at all probable. Whereas, on the other hand, if Italy can but get over her money difficulties, there are already some signs that the clerical party may get less than it now reckons on confidently. It is said, whether truly or not, that the Emperor of the FRENCH has been communicating with the Court of Berlin on the possibility of some arrangement being come to which Prussia could honestly recommend Italy to adopt; and if the Governments both of France and Prussia are really anxious, as appears to be the case, to avert a great war, the easiest mode of securing peace is that they shall act in concert with regard to Italy and with regard to the East. If anything of the sort which Prussia could approve is sketched out for Italy, we may be sure it will be very different from anything which the clerical party would favour. One of those half-official pamphlets which used to be thought of so much importance has been published within the last few days at Paris, and is ascribed to General MONTEBELLO. It seems in itself a poor fugitive affair, and the main idea which it develops is singularly unsuited to the present crisis. It suggests that Rome should belong to the POPE, and that he should be supreme there very much in the same way in which the King of SAXONY is supreme in his territory. The Romans are to be Italians, as the Saxons are Germans. They are to fight in the Italian army, and to have an honourable career offered to them wherever in Italy they think they can do best for themselves. As things now stand, this is altogether out of the question. The system of Government is really the same in Saxony and in Prussia, whereas all the principles on which VICTOR EMMANUEL governs are pronounced by the POPE to be wicked, and all the principles on which the POPE governs are pronounced by VICTOR EMMANUEL to be obsolete. Neither Government will yield to the other, and so the proposition of General MONTEBELLO, which is virtually the same as that made two years ago by Duke

PERSIGNY, has for the present no practical value. But the publication of his views at this crisis has thus much importance, that it shows the feeling produced in the mind of the ordinary French officer by the occupation of Rome. It is notorious that the French soldiers engaged in it disliked their task, and that a feeling prevailed among them that a purely ecclesiastical Government was a sort of thing that it was painful to have to support. There has lately been a burst of passion in France in favour of the temporal Government of the POPE; but this, like all fits of national excitement, will tame down, and then the French people may come to think pretty nearly as General MONTEBELLO does, and to say that the Italians ought not to be pushed too far, and that steps ought to be taken to give the Romans a better chance in the world than they have now.

It is not much use going back into the history of the past, and raking up the misdeeds of Italy and of Italian statesmen. Still it is difficult not to take some notice of the telegraphic despatches which passed last October between the RATTAZZI Ministry and its subordinates, regarding GARIBALDI and the volunteers. If complicity with the Garibaldians was a wrong thing, a violation of the September Convention and a breach of faith with France, Italy, through her rulers, was indisputably guilty of a great fault. The volunteers seemed to have been pushed on from the first by RATTAZZI. What is to be thought of RATTAZZI's persevering assurances that he did all that he could to maintain the September Convention in force, and to fulfil its stipulations, when we find that, even so early as September, he telegraphed to the Prefect of Ancona to tell that official to keep an eye on GARIBALDI, who was preparing a movement in the Pontifical States, but at the same time to place 6,000 lire at the General's disposition? On the 10th of October an order was given to supply a leader of volunteers with rifles; and on the 15th the local naval commandant of the Gulf of Spezzia was ordered to "subtract" a large supply of ammunition from the naval stores, and send them, disguised as "minerals," to Florence for the use of an agent of GARIBALDI. No one can doubt that, directly RATTAZZI found GARIBALDI was going to try to settle the Roman question by force, RATTAZZI threw in his lot with him, and gave him all the help he could; and that RATTAZZI insisted on the publication of these documents not to show that he had not, but to show that he had, associated himself with the popular movement. Totally regardless of the duties of his position and of the interests of his country, he forced the Ministry into making public documents that ought to have been buried in secrecy, merely that he might obtain a momentary victory over a political rival, and gain credit with the vulgar and worst judges of Italian politics for having been much more implicated in connivance at the Garibaldian movement than was known. He hoped to profit by the strong feeling against the French that then existed, and to become a national hero at the expense of General MENABREA. The whole transaction was most discreditable to him, and, as it has turned out, the ultimate gainer by it has been the very man whom it was intended to hurt by it. The Italians see that the honour of the country is safer in his keeping than that of RATTAZZI, and he is more firmly fixed in office than if these documents had not been published.

THE DIPLOMATIC SERVICE.

A CORRESPONDENCE of a very curious kind has been going on lately as to the conduct of Lord RUSSELL, while Foreign Secretary, towards the Diplomatic Service. An anonymous writer reproduced the old story of Sir JAMES HUDSON and Mr. ELLIOT, the allegation being that Lord RUSSELL got rid of Sir JAMES HUDSON in order to get his brother-in-law into a good thing. Mr. ELLIOT had been the Minister at Naples, and when Naples ceased to have a separate existence, Mr. ELLIOT naturally wanted employment. Having very good influence at home, he managed to get one or two roving commissions, which, if they pleased him, answered no other useful purpose, but which he was quite right to accept, and even invent, if the Head of the Foreign Office could be induced to send him out. Ultimately he went to Turin on the retirement of Sir JAMES HUDSON, and the suspicion was very freely expressed at the time that Sir JAMES HUDSON had been led or forced to resign by having it quietly shown him that he was no longer wanted. What really happened was that Lord RUSSELL offered Sir JAMES HUDSON the Embassy of Constantinople, which was technically a promotion; but Sir JAMES HUDSON declined, and stated that he should prefer to resign when he had served the time necessary for his pension. His

wishes were acceded to, he did resign, and Mr. ELLIOT was appointed to succeed him; and we do not observe that any of the parties to this animated correspondence deny that he was a fit and competent person to represent England in Italy. On the face of the transaction there was nothing to call for any sort of comment, but an uneasy feeling prevailed at the time, both in Italy and in England, that the Embassy of Constantinople was only offered to Sir JAMES HUDSON in order that he might be got out of Italy, and thus leave a vacancy for Mr. ELLIOT; and that Sir JAMES HUDSON, justly indignant at such treatment after all his important services in Italy, preferred to go out of the service. For four or five years Lord RUSSELL has borne in silence the imputation of having sacrificed a valuable public servant to a family job; and most people will think his silence justified, because a public man must bear to be misunderstood, and cannot possibly disclose the secrets of the public service without doing much harm and injustice. But now Lord RUSSELL finds this silence intolerable, and he and his Private Secretary—another of the interminable series of irrepressible ELLIOTS—come forward with their version of the story. It appears to us that Lord RUSSELL's course was very simple. He was conscious, we will suppose, that he was totally innocent of the job. If so, his best way would have been to trust to his own character for honour, and have said nothing. He must be aware that for a quarter of a century he has been supposed to have been jobbing at every possible opportunity for some of his relations, and that the public were deceived into thinking this otherwise than accidental by the fortuitous circumstance that, whenever he was in office, his relations did, as a matter of fact, get uncommonly good things. But the reputation for being a good family friend did not do him any perceptible harm, and he might have safely kept quiet. But if he said anything, he should have said simply and briefly that he could declare, as a man of honour, that he never had any wish, or took any steps to effect, that Sir JAMES HUDSON should give way to Mr. ELLIOT. Instead of this, he walked quietly and boldly out of the frying-pan into the fire, and dragged quite a new person into the controversy. This was Sir HENRY BULWER, who was Ambassador at Constantinople at the time that the Embassy was offered to Sir JAMES HUDSON. The offer was made and declined, and nothing was said of it to Sir HENRY BULWER, who remained at Constantinople for two years longer. Now Lord RUSSELL comes forward and informs the world that he thought it was for the good of HER MAJESTY's service that Sir HENRY BULWER should be removed. This seems to us wholly unjustifiable. It casts a slur on Sir HENRY BULWER, which reasonably offends him. If the Foreign Secretary thinks at a particular time that an English Minister ought to be removed, and then alters his mind and keeps that Minister two years longer at his post, the fact that his removal was once contemplated ought to be buried in silence for ever, and not blurted out by the Secretary in a casual letter to a newspaper.

Foreign Secretaries stand in a very delicate relation to Diplomatic servants. They are, in fact, the heads of a profession, the subordinate members of which are quite at their mercy. This must be so; and persons who enter the Diplomatic Service, if they have any sense at all, must look their prospects fairly in the face. The whole professional career of any Diplomatic servant may be made utterly to cease at any moment. The rest of the Service cannot remonstrate. The public cannot interfere. A Diplomatic servant is merely a confidential agent sent by A. to represent him advantageously with B. If A. does not feel confidence in his agent, or if the agent does not stand well with B., the object of his mission is at an end. A. has no complaint to make that will bear investigation and criticism. He simply thinks that his agent is not doing well, and he wishes to try to find some one else who will answer the purpose better. It was quite right for Lord RUSSELL to remove Sir HENRY BULWER, if he thought proper, without having any definite charge to bring against him. The most honest Minister, the most perfectly free from pique and jobbery, and the most deaf to the whisperings of the jealousy which he is sure to find prevailing among his subordinates, will often have occasion to promote, remove, and leave unemployed members of the diplomatic service, for reasons which satisfy himself, but which he is not prepared to disclose. The newspaper correspondence which is going on about the Foreign Office has now passed into a controversy as to the reasons why certain diplomatic servants are not employed. We do not see how it is possible that a Foreign Secretary should be expected to justify publicly his preference of one man over another. Supposing he thinks that one of those aggrieved diplomatists is simply a prig. This is a good reason for not sending him to any post of any

importance. But how can a man be proved to be a prig? So long as he was an Attaché or a Secretary his priggishness may have done no more harm than good, or may have amused his comrades. But in the higher grades of the Service the established prig, the diplomatist of Mr. LEVER's novels, the courteous man with a snuffbox and an epigram, is simply useless. The Foreign Secretary may form a perfectly just opinion of such a man, and yet be quite incapable of telling his Dr. FELL why he did not like him. On the other hand, the Foreign Secretary has duties to diplomatic servants which he ought to discharge faithfully. He should not take the public into his confidence and say, "I don't like Dr. FELL, but I can't quite say why I don't like him." The public will always suspect the worst, and will perhaps jump to the conclusion that a man of whom it is only said that he does not do for his post has committed something dreadful. Then, again, a confidential agent, whether public or private, should always be treated handsomely. He should really have the confidence of his chief, his services should be well rewarded, and he should not be pushed out of his situation for the benefit of a friend of his employer. Lastly, when a succession of confidential agents is being trained up where diplomacy is made a profession, all should have a fair chance, and the road to the highest places should, within certain customary or necessary limits, be open to them.

Much adverse criticism has lately been passed on the appointment of Mr. THORNTON to the Ministry of Washington. The two main grounds of this criticism are, first, that Mr. THORNTON is totally unknown in England; and secondly, that our representative at Washington ought not to be a member of the Diplomatic Service, but some one straight from public life in England. To the first objection we cannot attach much importance. If the Foreign Secretary is to choose a confidential agent for a particular purpose he must be allowed to choose his man as he likes. The important point is, not that Mr. THORNTON is unknown to most people in London, but that he is known to Lord STANLEY. It is obvious that a Foreign Secretary, in appointing a Minister to Washington, incurs a very great responsibility; but then he is himself more interested in getting the right man than any one else can be, and he has facilities for making a good choice which no one else can have. No one can wish to settle the vexed question of the *Alabama* claims while Lord STANLEY is in office so heartily as Lord STANLEY himself; and if Lord STANLEY thinks that, of all men he can find, he should prefer Mr. THORNTON as his confidential agent in this delicate matter, this is a very strong reason for thinking that Mr. THORNTON is the right man to go. But then it is said that no diplomatist by profession is the right man to send, but that an English peer fresh from the world of politics is the proper person. This opinion partly rises from the silly feeling of contempt for the Americans which is habitual to so many Englishmen. Novelists like THACKERAY have told us that we love peers because we are snobs; and so we argue that, as the Americans are greater snobs than we are, they must needs love a peer more than we do. Partly, however, this opinion is based upon the very true belief that at certain critical and exceptional times an English politician may do better than any diplomatist can do, because he more openly speaks on behalf of the English nation. But we doubt whether there can be said to be any such crisis at present in our relations with America. In the settlement of the *Alabama* dispute we want, not a man with knowledge of current English politics, but a man who knows something of law, who has the instincts of justice, who can see the strong points of an opponent's case, and yet can stick up for his own side in a modest and courteous way. If Mr. THORNTON is such a man, Lord STANLEY has done quite right in sending him. Then we may go on to ask whether it is the tendency of our Diplomatic Service as at present constituted to produce such men; and we think it is, and it is precisely because it does produce such men that its existence is justified as against the American plan of having no Diplomatic Service, and sending as envoys the minor politicians of the party in power. Why the Diplomatic Service should attract such good men as it does, and how it happens that it trains them up to be so liberal, industrious, and tolerant as the best of them are, it is hard to say. But many of the men who are now at the top of the second grade of the Service are a most creditable set, and have gradually trained themselves until, when the time comes for them to be put on the first rank, they will be confidential agents to whom a Foreign Minister could find no rivals. If we take any of these men, and ask whether, for the conduct of the ordinary relations between any foreign nation, including the United States, he or a poli-

tical peer of the second rank would be the best agent of the Foreign Secretary, we think that it is not the peer who ought to be chosen.

THE FRENCH JOURNALS.

THE prosecutions against the French journals for discussing the debates in the Legislative Body raise, under very different circumstances, nearly the same question which is involved in the pending case of *WASON v. WALTER*. The legal puzzle which occupies the Queen's Bench arises from the habitual slowness of the letter of English law in adapting itself to practical changes. As Parliament habitually assumes that convenient legal fictions will be invented as they are required, judges are almost compelled from time to time to assume the function of legislators; and perhaps Mr. WASON may perform an involuntary service to society by establishing for the first time the right of the press to report Parliamentary debates. It is not a little absurd that a useful custom should be for the first time recognised as allowable when it has existed uninterruptedly for a hundred years. Except when a private plaintiff avails himself of an obsolete law, there is in England no difference of opinion as to the expediency of securing accurate Parliamentary reports. The House of Commons would lose the greater part of its power if it were to revive its obsolete privilege of secret discussion, for it is necessary to convince the community that measures are just and prudent, or at least that they are required by the party which may for the time be dominant. On the other hand, Parliamentary debates are indispensable supplements of the political education which is principally furnished by journalists. There are no other public assemblies in which both sides are fully heard; and readers naturally prefer the newspapers which reflect their own opinions and prejudices. Whatever may be the decision of the Queen's Bench or of the Court of Error in the case of *WASON v. WALTER*, the right of reporting Parliamentary proceedings will be maintained, or, if necessary, created. The immunity which has always been possessed by members of Parliament was not limited by any restriction on the numbers of the audience. When strangers were once admitted, libellous statements uttered in Parliament acquired an extra-Parliamentary circulation; and reporters are but the representatives of a larger strangers' gallery, occupied by the great mass of readers of newspapers. It fortunately happens that the good taste of both Houses affords, for the most part, ample security against the privileged publication of public or private slanders.

Gradual deviations from the text of the law are not regarded in France with the toleration which prevails in England. Although the Senate, and in a higher degree the Legislative Body, exercise a great and growing influence on public affairs, the Executive Government is not prepared to abdicate its sovereignty, and the Assemblies themselves are jealous of the press. The grievous injury to liberty produced by the Opposition newspapers in the days of *LOUIS PHILIPPE* has never been forgotten or forgiven, and the Legislative Body is probably not prepared to allow journalists an unlimited right of criticizing its proceedings. The Government desires, not only to retain its control over the press, but to withhold from the Legislative Body the power of unrestricted communication with the great body of the people. The charge against the present defendants is not that they have reproduced libels, but that they have quoted parts of speeches, and that they have discussed the debates. According to law, the only authorized record of the debates is either the shorthand-writer's report, which may be copied from the *Moniteur*, or an official summary prepared at the Ministry of the Interior. The full report is perfectly trustworthy, but it is too long to be conveniently reprinted; and extracts and abridgments are forbidden by law. The Ministerial summary is perhaps not entitled to equal confidence; and even if the newspapers were provided with satisfactory reports of the debates, it is impossible for journalists to conduct political controversies without discussing the arguments and conclusions of the different speakers. The law seems to be on the side of the Government, which has prosecuted opponents and supporters with entire impartiality. Newspaper writers and their readers will have for the present to content themselves with the curious compromise which consists in a report too cumbersome for use, or in the alternative of a mere skeleton of the debate. The ultimate solution will depend on political circumstances rather than on legal considerations; and perhaps the tendency of things is to increase the share of Parliamentary assemblies in the government of France. The

extreme interest which was caused by the principal speeches on the Italian question implied more than critical admiration or curiosity. M. THIERS has apparently recovered some of the power which he formerly possessed in the Chamber of Deputies and the Assemblies of the short-lived Republic; and M. ROUHER would not be fit for his office if he were not an eloquent debater, as well as a confidential servant of the Crown.

Before the commencement of the present prosecutions, the Government had, for more than a year, treated the press with unaccustomed indulgence. Although political discussion has seldom been keener, there have been few warnings; and it is not understood that M. PINARD is more inclined to a repressive policy than his predecessor. Perhaps the present interference of the Government has been caused by the extraordinary interest which attaches to the Bill for the augmentation of the army. The excitement of last year related almost exclusively to foreign affairs, and the EMPEROR appreciates the diplomatic utility of a free expression of popular patriotism. It is no discredit to French journalists that they always profess unbounded confidence in the strength of France, although they may not be unwilling to criticize the manner in which it is employed. Critics who find fault with the passive acquiescence of the Government in the aggrandizement of Prussia help to remind foreign Powers that there was merit in the pacific policy of a Government which represents a great and susceptible nation. In the Italian controversy there were still stronger reasons for permitting a free expression of opinion. The great majority of newspaper writers were opposed to the cause of Italy, either through the influence of ecclesiastical sympathies, or as advocates of M. THIERS' doctrine that the dignity of France depends on the degradation of neighbouring nations. The democratic journals, on the other hand, defended a policy which the EMPEROR has probably not altogether abandoned; and, as far as they tended to check the violence of the majority, they may perhaps have diminished the difficulties of the Government. It has always been the custom in France to allow a wide license of discussion on foreign affairs; but it might be inconvenient to permit the utterance in the press of the dissatisfaction which has been lately exhibited by the Legislative Body. The Army Bill affects the comfort and security of every family in the country by diminishing the chances of exemption from military service; and consequently no measure of the present reign has been encountered by so many obstacles in its progress through the Legislative Body. The arguments in favour of an increase of the army are of the kind which Frenchmen feel themselves bound to admit in public, but the opposition which has been offered to particular enactments has often been directed against the substance of the Bill. The EMPEROR is fully convinced of the necessity of a project which might, if it had been previously adopted, have saved him some mortifications; and if the criticisms of the press were added to the objections of the Legislative Body, the uncertainty of success might have been largely increased. Yet it is not easy to distinguish between arguments for or against any part of the plan, and comments on the same subject which take the debates for a text. The operation of the law of the press will remain uncertain even after the Courts have given their decision.

It may be doubted whether public opinion in France is favourable to unlimited liberty of the press. Stringent laws against provocation to anarchy or insurrection would be universally approved if they were enforced by judicial authority, and not at the discretion of the Minister. After the experience of 1830 and 1848, it is admitted that a Government must defend itself against assailants who have produced more than one revolution; and the prosecution of a seditious Irish newspaper proves that there must be a limit to the license of revolutionary declamation. It is not to be endured that any writer should habitually preach rebellion, and even invite the aid of foreign enemies of his country. The rule which has often been laid down by the present Government of France is not unreasonable, although it may have been strained in practice. Controversy, in the press or elsewhere, ought not to extend to the reigning dynasty or to the allegiance of the subject. The Emperor NAPOLEON has always professed his willingness to accord freedom to the press as soon as the permanence of the Empire is universally accepted as the basis of discussion; but there is no doubt that he will adhere to his early resolution not to allow himself to be written off the throne, like the two branches of the House of BOURBON. The political writers of France have perhaps suffered less from the restraints on the press than the proprietors who have a pecuniary interest

in the journals; for the national skill in the manipulation of language has been constantly exhibited in witty allusions and in indirect insinuations which convey an assertion or an argument in its most incisive form. Satire is always most delicate, and often most cutting, when it is rather hinted than expressed; and a suggestion that more might be said, but for the risk of violating the law, damages a Government as effectually as the fullest exposure of its errors. The result of the present prosecutions appears to be expected with little anxiety, but it is justly remarked that no tribunal can effectually define the boundary of permitted discussion. To examine the merits of a Bill without reference to the debates on it is a task which will tax the ingenuity of writers to achieve, and of judges to define.

POLITICAL PARTIES.

FEW people anticipate any serious Parliamentary crisis in a year which is about to contain the record of the decline and fall of the old English House of Commons. Yet more curiosity is felt by politicians about the coming Session than seems warranted by anything that a dying Parliament might ordinarily be expected to do or say. No vital measure perhaps is to be looked for in 1868, but both the great parties in the State have much to employ them during the brief interval that is to elapse before the first general election on the novel basis of household suffrage. Preparations have to be made, programmes formed, and in some cases leaders chosen. And all this has to be done after a year which has been marked by the complete disorganization both of Liberals and Conservatives. For it would be a mistake to think that 1867 has left either as it found them. The Tory party have not been the less disorganized in reality by the recent sweeping changes in the Constitution, because they have shown throughout the crisis a bold and compact front, and are ready, for anything that we know to the contrary, to show at the opening of Parliament the same apparent cohesion and discipline still. As far as the retention of office under overwhelming difficulties is concerned, all has gone well with them. They have let the foe into the Capitol, and no Tory TARPEIA has been crushed under the weight of the buckler of the entering host. The difficult military manœuvre has been performed of changing front in the presence of an enemy. But shrewd observers will not be long in coming to the conclusion that the Tory tergiversations of last year, if they are to be permanently successful, are only the beginning and not the end of a long and dangerous strategy. Having abandoned at a pinch the principle of immobility, they must keep moving, or all their past sacrifices will be thrown away. After splendid feats of inconsistency, it is hopeless for them to attempt to fall back on old ideas of consistent resistance to change. They cannot any longer denounce Reform, when they themselves have been the most violent of revolutionists. General appeals to the principles of party honour would only now provoke a smile. If they are to hold their own, they will be asked to compete on equal terms with others in the political market into which they have chosen voluntarily to descend. The first subject of interest about the political year is to ascertain whether they are aware of the exigencies of their new position, how they like it, and how far they are prepared to set sail in quest of new adventures under the guidance of their ULYSSES.

During the autumn and winter the Conservatives have had plenty of time to reflect on the occurrences in which they played so hurried, but at the same time so distinguished, a part. The ebullitions of party triumph which have been displayed here and there, on public platforms and at public dinners, have not succeeded in drowning all serious reflection on the part of a large section of their country following. The astounding language held by Mr. DISRAELI at Edinburgh was calculated rather to shock than to reassure that considerable portion of the Tory party which never felt that it was making a more questionable sacrifice than in following its leaders last Session into the lobby. It was one thing to bury the principles which it had understood, for twenty years, that it professed. It is another to consent to dance with shouts of joy over the grave of old ideas, and to celebrate the praises of the astute leader who plumes himself on having led his adherents gently and silently for years past in the direction of apostasy. Mr. DISRAELI's Machiavellian boast that he has been educating the county gentlemen of England to betray their flag has not been a political success. It remains to be seen whether it will render them as docile in the future as they have been in the past. Not that it can be denied that the Reform exploits of a

Conservative Ministry have given a certain impulse to Conservative organization in the provinces, though the large towns have shown no inclination to be appeased by the concessions made to their demands. Conservative leagues have begun to form themselves, hangers-on at the Carlton are cheering themselves with the prospect of a prolonged tenure of office, and the Tory orators who are starring it in the provinces encourage themselves and their audiences to think that the golden year is about to open for Tories in general. All this is true, but on the other hand these vigorous manifestations represent the feelings rather of the lower order of political partisans than of the best and most respected of the party. The latter look with no pleasure on coming campaigns in which the same tactics are likely to be repeated. If this is all that comes of Conservatism, they do not feel sure that it is so much better than Radicalism of the deepest dye. The *Quarterly Review* represents perhaps an extreme Tory section, but nevertheless it is a significant fact that so steady-paced an organ should sorrowfully confess that Conservatives have reason to envy the political honour and integrity of Radicals themselves. The measures which are in preparation in the DERBY Cabinet for the next Session excite, amongst the sober part of the Ministerialist followers, no enthusiasm. They want to know whether Mr. DISRAELI is going to educate them any more. No doubt he will bring in his Bills. He will have his Irish measures, and his education measures, and his other reforms ready; but time alone can show whether one and all will not ultimately be so moulded and broadened by a Liberal Opposition as to retain in the end no single element of Conservatism about them. Ministers may propose laws, but, if the precedent of 1867 is to be repeated, it will be the Radicals who carry them on their own terms. Conservatives scarcely see their way under such perplexing circumstances, and it is hardly too much to say that, though formally a united and happy family, they are in spirit a half-disorganized army.

The condition of the Liberals affords quite as much room for curiosity and speculation. Their relations last Session to Mr. GLADSTONE have so often been discussed that it is needless to recur at length to a time-worn theme. Everybody is naturally waiting to know what progress towards re-union they have made during the recess. In many political demonstrations Mr. GLADSTONE has taken little share. The party which he commands have not, however, been inactive. They have been drawing together round a sort of common programme. It is most remarkable that this programme has been forming without any outward sign of assent or dissent on his part. For the time Mr. GLADSTONE seems to have abdicated his functions as general. The plans of his party have been matured, and even enunciated boldly, by others. The real Liberal leaders, since last summer, have been Mr. FORSTER, Mr. BRIGHT, and Lord RUSSELL, and while they have been settling their views, Mr. GLADSTONE has been discoursing of things in general and reviewing *Ecce Homo*. The problem of the future, as regards the Liberals, is therefore precisely the reverse of the problem that affects the Conservatives. In the case of the latter, a Conservative following is trying to make up its mind whether it can adopt the possible counsels of its chief. The Liberal chief, on the other hand, is apparently uncertain whether he can adopt the counsels of his followers. It is almost an unparalleled thing, in the history of English politics, that a statesman in the position of Mr. GLADSTONE should be regarded by his party rather as a heavy gun to be dragged in their rear, than as an adviser who can be relied upon to show them the way. And the great question which agitates the minds of the Liberals is whether Mr. GLADSTONE, with his artillery, will arrive in time for the battle. That he will move slowly in the direction of his friends; that, sooner or later, he will persuade himself to join them, and that when he does join them he will be of incalculable service to them in conciliating the enthusiasm of large masses of the English people, is certain. There are few men living who are so fitted to command an army; the only difficulty is to feel sure how soon he means to take the field at all. This very temperament which makes him so irritating to his friends, that slow uncertain attitude of hesitation about crucial questions, are in a certain sense a credit to him as a man. He has not the power of suddenly seeing his path broadly before him. He must convince himself, and wean himself from old ideas, before he can take a bird's-eye view of new. He drifts into action with the tide, or often with a sort of backwater current of his own; he does not steam into it against wind and waves. With a mind of this description, so subtle, so sensitive, and so prone to ripen slowly, with long intervals of inaction or reaction between the dif-

ferent stages of maturity, it is not surprising that Mr. GLADSTONE should be almost left out of the counsels of his followers. Mr. DISRAELI, during the last twenty years, has been educating his party. Mr. GLADSTONE's party, during a similar period, have been educating Mr. GLADSTONE.

On the whole, it is hardly to be lamented that distinct thinkers should have the lion's share in arranging the future programme of the Liberal, or, as it may now, since Mr. DISRAELI's Reform Bill, be called, the Radical party. For precisely similar reasons, it is to the public advantage that they should remain out of power till they are ready to return to it with a policy, which will not merely be made up of vague and meaningless Whig professions of faith, sown widecast to catch Radical votes. The questions which are before us, and which require to be solved in the next few years, are questions about which it is desirable that both great parties in the State should know clearly what they think. It is ridiculous to go on for ever meaning to do something about Ireland, or about education, or the laws of landed property, without knowing or telling the country what. And as there are those who seem to understand their own wishes and intentions, it is as well that they should be left to speak. It is perfectly possible that, when the views of both sides come to be stated positively, there may not be that wide divergence between them that in theory might be expected. But however this may be, precision, clearness, and vigour ought, for the interests of the public, to be demanded of the Opposition, as well as of the Ministry. A system of temporizing to catch a few votes, or to secure a half-hearted support from irresolute middle men, is little better than mere mischief; and it is certainly not worth while to give up Session after Session to a barren contest for the privileges or the sweets of office. There are some things that make it desirable that the present Cabinet should, if possible, retain its place for a time; but when it is destined next to fall, it will be a misfortune to the country if the reins are not taken by statesmen who have some definite ideas to propose, to legislate for, to stand by, and, if necessary, to fall by, in their turn.

AMERICA.

IT is scarcely possible that Mr. SEWARD and Mr. SUMNER should adopt the extravagant doctrines which have been propounded in Congress on the subject of American citizenship. Both in the Senate and in the House it seems to have been assumed, not only that naturalization dissolves all foreign allegiance, but that a citizen of the United States is entitled to perfect immunity for any act which he may commit on his return to his native country. If, indeed, any of the Fenian prisoners have been convicted exclusively on evidence of their complicity with the plot in a foreign country, it might be expedient to take into consideration their more or less genuine adoption of America as their country. As the law is the same in the United Kingdom and in the United States, it might be contended that the American Government is not in a position to dispute the theory of perpetual allegiance; but some emigrants have really expatriated themselves, while others admit by their language and conduct that they still regard Ireland as their home. GARIBALDI is a citizen of the United States, but, if he had plotted against the Italian Government at New York, he would scarcely condescend to plead, in a prosecution at home, that he had renounced his character as an Italian. It is an outrage on justice and common sense that a professed Irish patriot should rely on his character of a foreigner; yet in practice the anomaly is seldom material, as the Fenian prisoners, with few exceptions, are charged with overt acts committed within English jurisdiction. The recent letters of "HISTORICUS" have exhausted the question of maintaining, in an age of emigration, the maxims of allegiance which originated in a wholly different state of society. It is obviously necessary to relax, if not to abolish, the ancient rule; and though it might be a question whether a returned emigrant should be held to have resumed his allegiance, it is, on the whole, most convenient that he should be regarded as an alien in relation both to his duties and his disabilities. Although the law of naturalization in America is reasonable, the practice is scandalously lax, and it would be absurd to admit that an Irish rebel, after residing for a few months in New York, should be entitled on his return to the protection of the American Government. If, after the legal delay of five or six years, the proper formalities of naturalization are satisfied, it may fairly be held that allegiance to England is dissolved. There is, in fact, no use in maintaining the stringency of a bond which is more onerous to the Mother-country than to the emigrant. The characteristic lawlessness of American declamations against England furnishes no reason for refusing a concession which is in its nature reciprocal.

It is perhaps fortunate that Englishmen, observing the unreasoning animosity to their country which is professed with equal pertinacity by Democrats and Republicans, have no strong motive for preferring one party to another. Before 1860 England was incessantly threatened with war by the supporters of slavery; and Mr. CALHOUN actually proposed to the French Government an alliance against the profligate enemies of the sacred Southern institution. In the civil war, large numbers of Englishmen entertained a feeling of good will to the weaker belligerent, although only an insignificant section of the community favoured any breach of neutrality. The miscalculation of the comparative resources of the North and South has ever since been represented as an unpardonable crime; and the American opponents of the war are not the least violent in their denunciation of a country which dared to hold their own recent opinions. Yet it will be difficult to find a pretext for war in the entire impartiality with which prudent Englishmen regard both the struggle between Mr. JOHNSON and the majority in Congress, and the approaching Presidential election. It is only as students of contemporary history, without any reference to English interests, that well-wishers of America would, after much hesitation, incline to the Republican party. There is a strong presumption that the majority of respectable Americans are in the right, and that the flatterers and favourites of the Irish rabble in the great towns represent the less creditable tendencies of American institutions. As Lord THURLOW said of two legal dignitaries, the intemperance of A was preferable to the corruption of B. It would be invidious to pursue the analogy by quoting the further remark, that there was a great deal of corruption in A's intemperance, and a great deal of intemperance in B's corruption. Yet some of the Republican leaders advocate repudiation, and the majority in Congress has prohibited the contraction of paper currency, which is considered by the SECRETARY of the TREASURY the necessary condition of renewing specie payments. Perhaps the heaviest charge against the Republicans is that their shortsighted policy has given their adversaries a chance of succeeding to power. Party government compensates for many inconveniences by the advantages of attaching a penalty to injudicious measures. The blunder of establishing negro supremacy in the South has exposed the Republicans to serious defeats in State elections; and, notwithstanding the reaffirmance by Congress of its former decisions, there is not the smallest chance that the present system of reconstruction will be permanent or final. The reaction which has been provoked has given the Democrats a chance of securing power; and it remains to be seen whether they will misuse their opportunity by committing a graver mistake. It will not be easy for them to surpass in reckless indiscretion the latest act of the Republican majority in the Senate. The dominant party has committed graver offences against constitutional principle than in procuring the dismissal of General GRANT from office; but the political imprudence of affronting the PRESIDENT through the person of the most popular and trusted public man in the United States has no previous example.

The choice of Mr. PENDLETON as Democratic candidate for the Presidency, by the State Conventions of Ohio, Indiana, and Western Virginia, proves that in those States the party has determined to adopt the doctrine of repudiation. It is hardly worth while to discuss the pretence of keeping faith with the public creditor by paying off the debt in paper currency. The loans were contracted on the understanding that a dollar meant a dollar, and not a promise to pay a dollar at an indefinite time, which would become infinitely remote if the proposed scheme were adopted. It cannot be with an intention of resuming specie payments that greenbacks are, one year or fifteen years hence, to be given in discharge of five-twenty bonds; for it would evidently be simpler to effect the conversion before a fraud had been perpetrated. Mr. PENDLETON is himself a respectable candidate; but personal preferences are, in Presidential Conventions, always subordinate to party policy, and the Ohio nomination will be understood throughout the Union as the expression of a belief that the majority of the people are prepared to vote for repudiation. The Republican party will do well to accept the challenge, although General BUTLER and Mr. STEVENS have avowed the principles of Mr. PENDLETON. There will be much advantage in shifting the popular issue from a system of reconstruction which is already condemned to the preservation or abandonment of national good faith. The substitution of paper for gold in the discharge of the debt would be a more wanton act of dishonesty than the compromise which the Spanish Government is enforcing on its creditors; and it would be a more

conspicuous fraud than the similar operations which have already been effected by several States. The people of the North can scarcely have forgotten the boastful language which was used when the debt was contracted, or the premature anticipations that it would be discharged immediately after the conclusion of peace. Before the principal of the debt is due, the national property on which it is charged will have increased enormously in value, and the burden on the taxpayer will be proportionally reduced. America is, or will be, the richest country in the world; and it is not worth while to destroy by vicious legislation the credit which ought to be the reflection of the national wealth. The project of repudiation could never have been entertained if the people of the United States had not been sedulously taught to regard their own arbitrary will as the rule of political morality. No sycophant in a despotic Court is baser than the demagogue who performs a corresponding office in a republic; and both panders to vice know, when they insinuate that the Sovereign is above law, that they are using one of the most acceptable forms of adulation. If the United States cheat the public creditor, the love of gain will not be a stronger motive than the desire to prove that the great Republic is superior to responsibility. As a mere speculation, it is not the interest of a possible borrower to close the Money-market against his future demands. The war loans were contracted on onerous terms, because some of the States had refused payment to their creditors; but an attempt to pay the Federal debt in greenbacks would render it impossible to raise money for the future.

It requires no extraordinary exertion of moral courage to resist at the commencement an agitation which may perhaps collapse by its own weakness. A large proportion of the debt is distributed among the farmers and traders of the Northern States, and the holders will listen to no proposal for tampering with their securities. Appeals to mere selfishness are never popular in America, although there is a natural and growing impatience of excessive taxation. The majority of the people may perhaps be persuaded that there is something daring and original in repudiation, but they will not consciously commit an act of meanness for no more plausible reason than that it is profitable. It can easily be shown that the adoption of General BUTLER's scheme would be disadvantageous as well as discreditable. The readiest mode of reducing the public burdens is by removing all doubt of the national good faith, and thus to make it practicable to lower the rate of interest by enabling the Government to reborrow on easier terms. It is wholly unnecessary to discuss at present the mode of paying off a principal which will not be due for fifteen or sixteen years. Before the appointed term arrives, the burden will have become proportionately lighter, and perhaps there may be no greenbacks in existence to substitute for specie. As far as Congress has expressed an opinion, it seems that the general opinion is opposed to the shameless project of repudiation; yet the fact remains that some political speculators stake their hopes of office on the anticipated dishonesty of the people. An American financier, using the favourite argument of his countrymen, lately threatened England with war if magazine writers persisted in asserting that the debt of the United States had not been largely reduced. It can scarcely be a *casus belli* to repeat the statement that two great North-Western States have chosen Mr. PENDLETON as Democratic candidate for the Presidency.

PROSECUTIONS OF THE IRISH PRESS.

THE proceedings initiated by the Government against the *Irishman* have given rise to some natural and reasonable criticism, besides other criticism which, though natural, is not reasonable. A twofold question is involved in the prosecutions—one of law, one of expediency. Have the accused journalists printed that which is seditious? If they have, is it wise to prosecute them? The former question takes natural precedence, and must be answered in the affirmative, before the other is entered upon. And the difficulty of answering it is shown by the hesitation of the magistrate to commit the prisoners for trial. When so much doubt is exhibited in the preliminary proceedings, it may be inferred by many that the proof of the offence is not very clear, and the policy of bringing the charge very ambiguous.

The fact is, the language of the law on charges of sedition is necessarily vague and wide. It would be perilous to fix by too precise and unelastic definitions the meaning of an offence which is Protean in its objects and its agencies. The general definition which represents the object of a seditious writing to consist in a design to bring the Government of the country

into hatred and contempt is certainly wide and general; but not too wide or general for the multifarious nature of political libels, and their varied effect on the popular mind. Any very precise and formal definition would only furnish means of evasion and technical objection. Nor is it a matter of reprehension that the gist of the offence charged depends so much upon popular impression. As the question of guilty or not guilty is to be decided by the verdict of a jury, the crime should be such as can be gauged by the average intelligence of ordinary men. It is, after all, not a very difficult thing for a dozen men of average sense and education to pronounce on the purpose and tendency of a political writing, or a number of political writings. The purpose and tendency of the same words will vary according to the peculiar circumstances under which they are given to the world, the tone and temper of the men among whom they are circulated, the events and times in the midst of which they appear. It is for a jury to consider all these points, and then draw their conclusion as to the guilt or innocence of the authors. In the present instance there is ample material for the consideration of a jury. Take the first example. It is that of an article not written in Ireland, and not originally published in an Irish paper. It was written for a New York paper, and published in New York; then transferred from the American to the Irish paper. To the original article the Irish editor has prefixed the heading, "Ireland's Opportunity." The quoted paragraph begins in this fashion:—"The most obvious opportunity would arise from England engaging in a war with America, Russia, France, or any of the great Powers. This opportunity must come some day. In the second place, a grand opportunity must be presented sooner or later by the breaking out of another popular convulsion on the European Continent similar to that of 1848. . . . For it, as well as for the former opportunity, the Irish, both at home and abroad, should be ever found watchful and prepared. A third opportunity may arise from popular convulsion in Great Britain, whether resulting from commercial distress or democratic propagandism. . . . The fourth, and the grandest and most glorious opportunity, as well as the most certain in its results, is one that lies entirely within the province of the Irish nation in America. It is the sending of an expedition of from 5,000 to 20,000 armed and disciplined men, properly officered, from the United States to Ireland, &c. &c. &c."

Now, it is a fair subject of discussion whether the transfer of such an article as this from an American to an Irish paper shows a seditious intent. It may be, as it has been argued, that this is nothing more than the ordinary transmission of foreign news from a foreign to a domestic journal. Suppose the *Times*' Correspondent, writing from New York or Philadelphia, had inserted in his letter the sentences above quoted, merely prefixing the words, "What the intentions of the Fenians are, may be gathered from the following avowal;" would the *Times* have been guilty of publishing a seditious libel? or was the editor of *Tinsley's Magazine* equally guilty when he published the memorable letter of a Fenian? Yet that letter contained a much bolder avowal of treason than anything in the passage which we have quoted above. What then is the difference between the two cases? It is this. The letters in the *Times* and in *Tinsley's Magazine* were not intended for Irish readers, least of all for that class of Irishmen from which the ranks of treason and disaffection are mainly recruited. They were not at all likely to be read by one in five hundred of the clerks, shop-boys, hodmen, and cottiers who make up the rank and file of native Fenianism in Ireland. Moreover, the context would have shown that there was no sympathy on the part of the journal or the magazine with the sentiments which were cited. In the case of the *Irishman*, however, the extract was inserted in a paper which was read, and intended to be read, by classes which contribute most to the ranks of disaffection, and members of which are already more or less openly disaffected. And, lest the purport of the article might be overlooked, it was headed "Ireland's Opportunity." Now, on these premises it is not unfair to argue that the purpose of the Irish editor was to foster a seditious and disloyal feeling towards England; to inspire the enemies of the British Crown and Government with the resolution to await some great and dangerous crisis in the history of the country, which they called their "opportunity" for consummating an act of rebellion; and to cement an alliance between Irish traitors at home and Irish foes abroad. If there is nothing strained in this argument, there is nothing strained or unconstitutional in bringing such a charge before a jury composed of men who, knowing the country and the

character of its people, are best able to decide whether such an article was intended, or was likely, to produce upon their minds the effects which we have named. Again, when the *Irishman* inserts a letter signed "KELLY," in which the writer suggests an alliance between the Fenians and the English democracy, and hints at the terrible effects of Greek fire on the great seats of commerce in England, it evidently is a question for a jury to decide whether this should be treated as a communication of opinion which it is desirable to make known, or as an instigation of a treasonable and murderous conspiracy on a grand scale. And when, as in the article headed "The Holocaust," the people are reminded that English Ministers of State, who are always assumed to be models of prudence and discretion, have allowed themselves to denounce Irish wrongs as a sufficient cause for revolution; and when, after this, it is asked "When young men know this—when they see them allowed to remain in all their venomous vitality—when too they see those statesmen not only justify revolution at home but foster it abroad—then, stung into desperation and madness, should they act upon the lesson taught, where is the exoneration?"—it can hardly be a question that the intention of the writer was to suggest to his readers the duty of rising in rebellion against the Government. However obscure parts of the article may be, it is tolerably clear that the young men of Ireland are reminded of the authority on which revolutions have been pronounced justifiable. If there is a political crime in writings which tend to excite men's minds against the Government of their country, surely it is contained in the paragraph which we have cited. At any rate it lies on its author or promulgator to rebut this presumption in the most complete way possible, and that is, before a jury of his countrymen. So long as any legal and constitutional means of defending itself against attacks of this kind remain to any Government, they must be applicable to such cases as these.

But, after all, the question of policy is more important than the question of law. Is it expedient—is it worth while—for a Government to vindicate itself by prosecuting the author of these attacks? There is a good deal to be said on both sides. It may be urged that contemptuous indifference is the attitude which at such a time is most seemly on the part of a Government. Nothing can be more ludicrous than this continued ejaculation of big swelling words against a Government which goes on never-minding. Nothing can be more laughable than the shrieking denunciations of cruelty, tyranny, and oppression which provoke no retaliation on the part of the denounced. In many parts of the world it would be wise to leave equally unnoticed the bombastic denunciations and the malignant innuendoes of papers like the *Irishman*. But there is more than one reason why this cannot safely be done in Ireland. There, sedition is a composite work, in which two races take part—the native Irish and the American-Irish. The seditious newspaper in Ireland is the channel of communication with the hostile plotter in America. So long as the seditious press in Ireland is free and active, so long are the conspiring Fenians in America sanguine and ardent. So long also are the peasantry and the poorer satellites of disaffection assured of the safety of contending against a Government which, as they believe, dare not punish its assailants. Add to this, many of the foolish youths who have gone to gaol in attestation of their Fenian sympathies know nothing of the wrongs of Ireland but what they have learned from the Fenian press. They are neither tenants *in esse* nor *in futuro*; they have no personal interest in tenant right; they have never been ejected nor levied on; and they care just as much for one Church as they do for the other. Most of what they know, or think they know, of Irish wrongs they have learned from the Fenian press. The continued impunity of that press gives stronger and stronger sanction to the truth and intention of its teachings. New converts are made every day, and old converts are confirmed in their belief. As a matter of mercy no less than of policy, it becomes the Government to take means of preventing the propagandism of doctrines which are not less a snare to their adherents than a nuisance to society, and the nucleus of a perpetual disaffection at once unreasonable and implacable.

It may be that the prosecutions will fail, and failure always damages a Government. For our own part, we do not apprehend that they will fail. At any rate failure will not show that the Government was in the wrong when it appealed against its libellers to the sense and patriotism of respectable and intelligent citizens. And should the necessity hereafter arise of resorting to more summary and stringent measures for the suppression of treasonable conspiracy, the Ministry

which yields to its stern and imperious decrees will have at least the satisfaction of reflecting that every constitutional appliance had first been tried, and tried in vain. Every Government enjoys the right, which is allowed to every private subject of a State, of self-preservation. And the limitations which fetter the action of a private subject are more stringently applied to the action of a Government which, when once it discards legal remedies for coercive rigours, arms itself with offensive powers strong out of all proportion and comparison to the efforts of any number of individuals who may be driven to the necessity of resorting to acts of violence in self-defence.

"AMANTIUM IRE."

ANYBODY who formed his notion of modern English life from what he reads of it in novels would be very much struck with the endless difficulties there seem to be in the way of getting married. Considering the number of people in England who are married every year with comparatively little trouble, the anxiety which heroes and heroines are made to undergo in works of fiction appears strangely out of all keeping with what happens in the dull prosaic world. It is true that the third volume, in every well-conducted novel which does not go upon the monstrous principle of leaving its readers unhappy and dissatisfied at the end, finishes off with matrimony; but the amount of obstacles that have to be overcome is generally great. In the orthodox romances of the good old school the barriers in the way of matrimony were usually of two sorts. It constantly occurred that the lady did not like the gentleman, or the gentleman did not like the lady. There was a good deal to be said in favour of depicting this kind of human and possible misfortune. After all, mutual attachments are not the universal law, except among Royal princes and princesses; and unrequited passion, even if a passing calamity, is certainly anything but unknown. The other sort of difficulty was how to deal with stern parents; and novelists, as was their privilege, made heavy play with it during the early half of the century. For two volumes hardhearted fathers and mothers endeavoured, it may be, to persuade their noble and heroic daughter that she ought to be in love with one squire, when she was in reality in love with another. The course of true love did not run smooth, but it ran very regular, its line consisting in exclusive devotion to the one man whom British parents never could be brought to like. The fashions in fiction, as in everything else, are changeable, and this fashion may be said to be going out. A thoroughly new difficulty has come into vogue instead. Stern fathers have disappeared, owing probably to the general progress of domestic as well as of political constitutionalism; and novelists have had to invent some other terrible reason why no heroine should marry in the first two volumes of the story. One common method of filling up the interval seems to be by devoting it to the elaboration of the idea of temporary incompatibility of temper. Not having any parents to make them miserable, the lovers have to fall back on the device of making themselves distasteful to one another. They are of course a fondly attached couple, but one has a temper which has to be conquered by the other before the marriage-day. Either the hero is unjust, or the heroine is hasty; and after a growing coolness the gentleman hands the lady back her letters and the lock of her hair, and all is on the verge of being over between them. At this period of time the lady's father usually dies, leaving her in comparative poverty, as it is a well-known thing ever since the introduction of Joint-Stock Companies that all elderly gentlemen with lovely daughters speculate heavily in private, and die just as their financial embarrassments arrive at a climax. The crushed and humbled beauty makes preparations for earning her money as a governess. Now that Augustus has given her back her letters, she has nobody to love, and only the curate of the neighbouring parish to propose to her. She dresses in black, has a dangerous brain fever, and may be seen going about Russell or Tavistock Square with a roll of music in her hand. At this conjuncture the third volume begins, and Augustus comes across her at the house of a common friend. She is now no longer the bright, impetuous, gushing, thoughtless being that she was. She never is unkind or cold to anybody, and has got no more temper left. One happy morning she is surprised crying in the parlour, unconscious of a step upon the stairs, and Augustus returns to his allegiance just in time to be once more a devoted lover, a happy husband, and the father of two lovely children; and never, never again does coldness or restraint or irritability come between him and the wife of his choice. In a very tolerable novel which has been lately published the heroine has a device for alienating her lover, during the requisite number of pages, which strikes one as singularly ingenious. Knowing his dislike to painful subjects, she will keep on talking of ghosts and of murders. The more pain she gives him, the more she insists on doing it, and his dislike of ghost-conversation half convinces her that he must have committed a murder that has occurred in the neighbourhood. Even a trodden worm will turn, and the hero, on discovering her unjust suspicions, restores her her liberty and goes abroad—only to come back again when sorrow has cured her of her petulance, and when she has lost her interest in ghost-stories. Humbled by misfortune, and convinced that her suspicions are ridiculous, the heroine never, we may presume, alludes to ghosts again.

The great advantage of this sort of plot is that nobody can see any end to the complications that may be brought about. Jealousy is a limited topic, and soon becomes monotonous. Authors cannot ring the changes on it for ever. But the variety of things about which lovers who mean to quarrel can do so is infinite. A man may object in turn to talk of ghosts, chignons, crinolines, the weather, the Abyssinian Expedition, balls, and even of Gounod's music. The lady of his choice, if suspicion is her line, may suspect him of murder, arson, theft, embezzlement, Fenianism, a tendency to corpulency, unorthodoxy, or a thousand other crimes as grave. And one makes just as good a cause of bitter estrangement as the other. In a story published not very long ago the heroine's first admiration of the hero begins in church. She sees him nobly refusing to do anything but sit moodily down in his pew while the Athanasian creed, which he dislikes on principle, is being read. One can imagine a quarrelsome heroine taking a totally different view of the matter, and the happiness of a whole two volumes being thrown away in consequence. The plot is easily conceived. Brought up from her childhood to love the Athanasian creed—a supposition which cannot be said to be unnatural if it be true that fair controversialists often like best what they understand least—she resolves that she never will marry any one who is not ready to share her sympathies on the point; and, as he persists in his incapacity to share her views, she sadly but firmly gives him up. Here, as every novelist will admit, are the elements of a very pretty misunderstanding. He thinks her hard, controversial, heartless. She feels that he is metaphysical, stern, unyielding. If it were not for her parent, who is probably, as we have said, a fraudulent banker, and who leaves her penniless in the nick of time, two young people who are in other respects wonderfully suited to one another might not ever be reconciled. And, if the heroine is not of a theological turn of mind, she has an equally wide field outside theology, for trying and testing her lover's temper. Suspicion being her line, she has only to suspect him of a deficiency in respect of each moral quality in turn. Let us suppose that she takes it into her head that he is not courageous enough to please her. He refuses to fight duels, he does not care to cudgel poachers, he is not even a volunteer, and he scarcely rides decently well after the hounds. Accordingly she makes up her mind to ride hard, in order, if she can, to catch him flinching at a five-barred gate. Her pertinacity in putting him at five-barred gates ends by shocking him. Is this Amazon, she says to himself, the fair young thing he loved? Nothing seems left but a tremendous separation. It is not, however, the will of Providence that hearts really meant for one another should be ultimately parted. When the book is within a few pages of a melancholy conclusion, an *éclaircissement* occurs. Returning home one night from a ball, pensive at heart, though to all appearances the gayest of the gay, she sees her former lover save somebody from something. A sudden thought strikes her. He is not then a coward, as she supposed. All is happily explained, and the proper number of infants who are the result of the deferred and nearly defeated union are invariably taught by their repentant mother never to distrust the bravery of those who ride badly to hounds.

It is to be observed that during all these engagements, which take the form in the literary world of a pitched battle, the lady by no means has it her own way. She is employed on her lover's character; but he is, on the other hand, working away at hers. The great thing that he has to do is to tame her. In real life the process of taming is generally supposed to be done after marriage. But in the correct modern novel it is always done before. As a matter of sound prudence nobody can doubt that, if a heroine of the beautiful pantheress order will submit to stand still and be tamed, ante-nuptial taming would be a very wise custom, for the simple reason that, if the matrimonial Rarey fails, as a last resource he may decline to lead the untamed pantheress to the altar; whereas, if he succeeds, all is as it should be. We do not profess to know what goes on in the most sentimental circles, but in humble humdrum life there is not probably very much pantheress-taming done during an engagement. The taming is all the other way. It only happens in novels, and in novels of a strongly sentimental cast. The truth is, that men and women who set about building up a second-rate three-volume novel enjoy working at their hero's or their heroine's emotions, just as little boys enjoy the tortures of a sparrow. The luxury of describing bursting hearts, to some writers, seems very considerable. Those who go in for this sort of maudlin composition soon find that for scenic effect, and for producing general distress and complication among the other characters of a novel, there is no quality that works so well as pride. And their own weak sentimentality is pleased with the imaginative contrast between "a marble exterior" and pent up agony inside it. The number of ladies who in modern fiction have dismissed their lovers with a cold, haughty curve of their lips, and then rushed up violently and buried their face in their bedclothes, must be legion. It is not too much to say that they almost all do it. There is scarcely a pair of lovers out, in any really feeling magazine, who can be said to be always on speaking terms. They are for ever passing each other in the Park with a haughty bow, and turning away sharply and suddenly to conceal their internal anguish. Love, in fact, as it is portrayed in romance, has by no means an easy time of it. And, as women are bound, according to all theories of domesticity, to learn to obey their husbands, every novelist has plenty of labour cut out for him in contriving to reduce his heroines to a marriageable submissiveness. It is a high literary tribute to the great social doctrine

of the inequality of the sexes that novelists refrain, as a rule, from making the hero give in. Even authoresses seem to accept with perfect equanimity the idea that taming the male panther is out of the question. At the very end he softens down a little, sufficiently perhaps to enable him to forgive the errant beauty, and to restore her to his confidence, but the battle is almost invariably to the strong, and the prigs beat the pantheresses in the long run at hauteur. For the natural mate of the pantheress, in modern stories, is of course the prig. Nobody but the prig could be sufficiently irritating, and at the same time sufficiently virtuous, to perform the double task of aggravating the heroine first, and making her feel her inferiority in temper afterwards. If one was to judge of women by what we read of them in novels, especially in novels written by their own sex, one could hardly avoid coming to the conclusion that what all of them (pantheresses included) believe to be the noblest work of heaven, is a good, downright, rather stubborn and unbending prig. The task of educating the disposition of a girl who is engaged to marry him is the very occupation one can conceive suited to his genius. And there is just this amount of truth about the literary conception, that in real life prigs are much more looked up to by the opposite sex than by their own. A matrimonially inclined prig has always great opportunities. And it may be fair and right, in works of fiction, to depict him as the natural master and monarch of the ordinary run of heroines.

As far as three-volume novels go, the old proverb then seems to be correct which represents the quarrels of lovers as the very food and fuel of love. At any rate they seem to constitute its chief charm in the eyes of sentimentalists. But for such a concurrent mass of authority in its favour, one might possibly have questioned whether, as a fact, the testing process on the part of the lady, and the taming process on the part of the gentleman, would not be found practically insupportable. However, novels, if they are to be written, must have plots. Distressed heroines are, so to speak, a necessity of literature, and prigs are as excellent a means of keeping them thoroughly distressed through three volumes as any that could be invented. The best worldly advice to be offered to the beginner who wishes to publish a really popular fiction is first to catch a thoroughly lovely heroine, and then to keep her perpetually in hot water. Mangled feelings are the thing that sells. The author or authoress need never despair of fame who has his taps of mental misery well turned on, and stretches at least one female character perpetually on the rack. It is a proof of fine sensibility to be pleased with such agonies on paper; and cross-purposes, misconceptions, tears, and the enmities of lovers stir the public's soul. The pleasure it takes in contemplating the misery of fictitious characters is decidedly genuine. Imperial Rome enjoyed its dying gladiators, and pious Spain relishes its bullfights. We are far more civilized than either, and confine ourselves to the less brutal sport of interesting ourselves in the fictitious cruelties practised on paper by imaginary lovers upon one another.

WOMAN IN ORDERS.

THERE is, no doubt, something extremely flattering to our insular conceit in the mystery which hangs about the institutions which we prize as specially national. We feel that a Briton is still equal to three Frenchmen, so long as the three Frenchmen confess with a shrug that the Briton is wholly unintelligible. The blunders of Dr. Dollinger, the baffled wonderment with which every foreigner retires from the study of it, only endear to us the more the Church of England. This was perhaps the reason, besides the inherent marvel of the matter, why we passed so lightly over M. Esquiros and his late ecclesiastical researches. It was humiliating to English pride to have to confess that a Frenchman had unveiled to the world of Paris the hitherto sacred mysteries of the perpetual curate and of the tithe rent-charge. The enemy was clearly at the gates of the central fortress of British insularism; even an American bishop was tempted to strive to understand Westminster Abbey; and a dismal rumour prevailed that nothing hindered the Ecclesiastical Commissioners from revealing the nature and purpose of their existence but the fact that, after prolonged inquiry, they found it impossible to understand them themselves. It was time, we felt, to abandon these mere outposts of the unintelligible to the aggressions of an impertinent curiosity, and to retire to the citadel. There, happily, we are safe. Even the unhallowed inquisitiveness of M. Esquiros recoils baffled from the parson's wife. Disdainful of all artificial adjuncts of mystery, to all appearance a woman like other women, packing her little sick-baskets, balancing the coal-club accounts, teaching in her Sunday school, the centre of religion, of charity, and of tittle-tattle, woman in orders fronts calmly the inquirer, a being fearfully and wonderfully English, unknowable and unknown.

No one who saw for the first time the calm, colourless serenity of the parson's wife would discover in her existence the result of a life-long disappointment. But the parson on whose arm she leans commonly represents to his spouse simply the descent from the ideal to the real, the step from the sublime to the prosaic, if not the ridiculous. There was a moment in her life when the vestry-door closed upon a world of hallowed wonder, when the being who appeared in white robes, "mystic, wonderful," was a being not as other men are, a being whose hours were spent in study, in meditation, in charity, a being of beautiful sermons and spotless neckties.

The flirtation with him, so impatiently longed for, was not as other men's flirtations; there was a tinge of sacredness about his very frivolity, and a soft touch of piety in his sentiment. To share such a life, to commune hourly with a spirit so semi-angelic, seemed an almost religious ambition. The spirit of a Crusader, half-heaven, half-earth, fired the gentle breast of the besieger till Jerusalem was won. Then came the hour of disenchantment. The mysterious object of adoration, seen on his own hearthrug, melted into the mass of men. The spiritual idealist was cross over an ill-cooked dinner, and as commonplace at breakfast as his *Times*. The discourses, so lately utterances from heaven, dwindled into copies or compilations from other heavenly utterances. The life of a Lady Bountiful turned out a dull routine of mothers' meetings and Sunday schools. The ideal poor, grateful and resigned, proved cross and greedy old harridans. The world of peace, of nobleness, of serenity, died into a parish of bustle and scandal and worry. Out of this wreck of hope arises the parson's wife. Disillusionment is her ordination for a clerical position none the less real that it is without parallel in the ecclesiastical history of the world. She takes her part with all the decision of genius. Her first step is to restore the Temple she has broken down, to set up again the Dagon who lies across the threshold. If not for herself, at any rate for the world and for her children, she re-creates the priest she once dreamt of in the commonplace parson whom she has actually wedded. Conscious as she is of the inner nature of the idling apartment where he lounges through the morning, she impresses on the household the necessity of quiet while its master is in his "study." By the daily addition of skilful but minute touches, she paints him to the world as an ideal of piety and of learning. She takes bills and letters off his hands, that his mind may not be disturbed from more serious subjects. She enforces a sacred silence throughout the house during the solemn hours while the sermon is being compiled. She sews the sacred sheets together, and listens while the discourse is recited for her approval. She listens again with an interest as fresh as ever when it is preached. She marks the text in her Bible, and sees that the children mark it too. As the first subject of his theological realm, she sets an example which other subjects are to follow. They, like her, mingle their contempt for the parson's business abilities and voluble talk with a hushed reverence for his esoteric knowledge of subjects inaccessible to common men. They, like her, manage to combine a perfect readiness to snub him and his opinions on all earthly topics, with an equal readiness to listen to him, as to a divine oracle, on the topics of grace and free-will. Insensibly the subtle distinction tells on the parson himself. He is conscious, perhaps pleasantly conscious, that he is seen through the glass of his wife, and seen therefore darkly. He retires within the domestic veil. He learns to avoid common subjects—subjects, that is, where the world holds itself at liberty to criticize him. He retires to fields where he is above criticism. He believes at last in the vaunted-up sermons in which his wife persists in believing. He accepts the position of an oracle on sacred topics which his wife has made for him. In a word, the parson's wife has created the British parson.

It is hard to say how far the creator believes in her own creation. In persuading others, she probably succeeds to a great extent in persuading herself. At any rate she accepts willingly enough the consequences of a position which leaves her the master of the parish. In the bulk of cases the parson is simply the Mikado, the nominal ruler, lapped in soft ease, and exempt from the worry of the world about him. Woman is the parochial Tycoon, the constitutional premier who does not rule, but governs. She is the hidden centre and force of the whole parochial machinery—the organist, the chief tract-distributor, the president of the Doreas society, the despot of the penny bank and the coal-club, the head of the sewing-class, the supervisor of district-visitors, the universal referee as to the character of mendicant Joneses and Browns. In other words, the parson's wife has revived an Apostolic Order which but for her would have died away; she has restored the primitive Diaconate. Woman is the true parochial deacon, and not the bashful young gentleman fresh from Oxford, who wears his stole over one shoulder rather than over two. It is the parson's wife who "serves tables" nowadays; and the results on parochial activity are in some ways remarkable enough. In the first place, men are fairly driven from the field. If a layman wishes to help in a parish he finds himself lost in a world of woman. It is only those semi-clerical beings who seem to unite with a singular grace all the weaknesses of both the sexes who persist in the attempt. Then, too, all the ideas of the parochial world become feminine; the parish buzzes with woman's hatred of the Poor-laws, and contempt for economic principles and hard-hearted statisticians. Mendicancy flies from the workhouse and the stoneyard to entrench itself against Guardians and relieving-officers among the soup-kitchens and the coal-tickets of feminine almsgiving. The parson, after a faint protest of common sense, surrenders at discretion, and flings all experience to the winds. One wife turns her husband into a fount of begging letters. Another forces him to set up manufactories for all the lucifer-match girls of the parish. Woman's imaginativeness, woman's fancy, woman's indifference to fact exhausts itself in "sensational cases," and revels in starvation and death. But we must turn to a brighter side of her activity. Ritualism is the great modern result of the parson's wife, though, with a base ingratitude to the rock from which they were hewn, Ritualists hoist the standard of clerical celibacy. Woman has long since made her parson; now (as of old with her doll) her pleasure is to dress

him. A new religious atmosphere surrounds her life when the very work of her hands becomes hallowed in its purposes. The old crochet and insertion—we use words to us more mysterious than intelligible—become flat, stale, and unprofitable by the side of the book-marker and the coloured stole; and a flutter of excitement stirs even the stillness of a life which is sometimes offensively still at the sight of the new chasuble with "aunt's real lace, you know, dear," sewn about it. However grey an existence may be, and the tones of a life like this are naturally subdued, it still cherishes within a warmth and poetry of its own; and the poetry of the parson's wife breaks out in vestments and decorations. Nothing brings out more vividly the fact that Mrs. Proudie is the Church of England than that her reaction against the prose of existence is shaking—so the Protestant Alliance tells us—the Church of England to its foundations. The real disturber of the Church peace, the real assertor of Catholic principles, or (for those who prefer a middle phrase to either of these contending statements) the real defendant in the Court of Arches, is not Mr. Mackonochie, but the parson's wife.

Mrs. Proudie, we repeat, is the Church of England; but if it is difficult to estimate the results of her position upon the spouse of her bosom and the parish which she rules, it is still harder to estimate its results upon herself. Her outer manner seems indeed to reflect what we have ventured to call the grey tones of her life, and a certain weariness of routine breaks out even in the mechanical precision of her existence. Power, in the parochial as in the domestic circle, is bought by her at the cost of a perpetual self-abnegation, and it is a little hard to be always hiding the hand that pulls the strings. We may excuse a little forgetfulness in a wife when her daily sacrifice is wholly forgotten in the silver teapot and the emblazoned memorial which proclaim the borrowed glories of her spouse. Sometimes there may be a little justification for the complaint of the British priestess that the priest alone should be crowned with laurel. But, if she is ecclesiastically forgotten, it must be remembered that her position receives a shy and timid recognition from society. She is credited with a quasi-clerical character, and regarded as having received a sort of semi-ordination. The Church, indeed, assigns her no parochial precedence; but public opinion, if it sets her beneath her husband, places her above all other ecclesiastical agencies. Tacitly she is allowed to have the right to speak of "our curates." Then, again, society assigns her a sort of mediatorial position between the Church and the world; she is the point of transition between the clergy and their flocks. It is through her that the incense of congregational flattery is suffered to mount up to the idol who may not personally inhale it; and it is through her that the parson can intimate his opinion, and scatter his hints on a number of social subjects too trivial for his personal intervention. It is impossible, indeed, to express in words the delicate shades of her social position, or, what is yet more remarkable, the relation to her sister-world of woman. There can be no doubt that, taken all in all, women are a little proud of the parson's wife. She is, as it were, the tithe of their sex, taken and consecrated for the rest. The dignity of her position in close proximity to the very priesthood itself extends, by the subtle gradations of sisters of mercy, district-visitors, and tract-distributors, to women in the mass. Her influence is a quiet protest against the injustice of the present religions of the world in excluding woman from those ministerial functions with which Paganism invested her. It is an odd transition from the quiet parson's wife to the priestess of Delphi; but while the parson's wife exists there is at any rate a persistence in the claim of woman's right to resume her tripod again. It is the quiet consciousness of this, of her spiritual headship of her sex, of her mystic and unexpressed but real ecclesiastical position, quite as much as the weariness of her daily routine, which displays itself in the bearing of the parson's wife. She is not quite as other women are, any more than he is as other men. Her dress is—at any rate, in theory it ought to be—a shade quieter, her bonnets a little less modern, her manner a trifle more reserved, her mirth hardly as unrestrained as those of the rest of her sex. Her talk, without being clerical, takes a quiet clerical tinge. She has her little scandal about the archdeacon and her womanly abhorrence of that horrid Colenso. She knows Early English from Middle Pointed, and interprets Ritualistic phrases into intelligible vocabularies. Like the curate, she dances only in family circles, and then dances after a discreet and ecclesiastical sort. She has no objection to cards, but she plays only for love. She sings solos from the *Messiah* and *St. Paul*. An existence simple, kindly enough in its way, penetrating society no doubt with a thousand good influences, but yet, we must own, hardly very interesting to the priestess who lives it. Altogether, when we get beyond the purple and gold of our rulers we congratulate ourselves on being free from the tedium and weariness and perpetual self-restraint of their lofty position. And even the curate who has lately raised his faint protest against what he calls "feminine domination" may remember in charity that while croquet and flirtation remain to him, his existence, slavery though he deem it, is a slavery far freer, blither, and more lively than that of the curate's wife.

POETRY OF THE MONTH.

IT is not often that the magazine poetry of a month—or of a year either, for that matter—is deserving of much attention. As a rule, nobody thinks of reading it. It makes its appearance

as a mere matter of form to show that the editor acknowledges the existence of that branch of literature, or to serve as the *raison d'être* of a slovenly engraving of an interesting-looking young lady. It will seldom scan satisfactorily, and when it does, it is generally more or less unintelligible. Even when the rhymes and rhythm are correct, and the subject-matter not absolutely meaningless, it is wont to be diffuse and watery and conventional to a degree. Most of our poets have long ago despaired of magazine verse, though from time to time one bolder than the rest makes a praiseworthy attempt to redeem it from the natural death which it is so slowly but surely dying. On such occasions the rarity of the event invests it with an importance not its own.

Never perhaps has mediocrity held a more undisputed sway in this department of our literature than during the past year. But when things are at their worst, they are pretty sure to mend. The general obscurity was, it appears, after all, only the forerunner of an illumination unprecedented in past years. Lavish orders had been given by the conductors of several of our magazines, and the new year was to be ushered in with a grand display of all the available talent. The editor of *Good Words* was particularly enterprising. Not content with the unwonted attraction of a paper by Mr. Gladstone on *Ecce Homo*, he engaged the services of Messrs. Tennyson, Macdonald, and Kingsley for his January, and Miss Ingelow for his Christmas, numbers. Mr. Dallas followed suit, and advertised the leading singer as about to appear for one occasion only in *Once a Week*. Not to be surpassed in condescension, Mr. Swinburne kindly consented to perform in the *Fortnightly Review*, and Miss Rossetti in the *Argosy*. Mr. Browning and Mr. Matthew Arnold were the only stars of any eminence who persistently refused to shine. Considering how seldom it is that an occasion arises for placing in contrast the performances of so many of our leading contemporary bards, it may not be amiss to examine their productions in detail.

Mr. Tennyson comes first, alike from his seniority, his official position, and his intrinsic merits. Whatever he writes will be sure to be read by everybody, and everybody will be equally certain to give his or her opinion concerning it. And it will no doubt excite absorbing interest and indignation in the bosoms of innumerable young ladies to hear that last December our great poet received, along with his Christmas bills, a spiteful and probably impudent letter from a jealous rival. Whatever may be the view taken by Mr. Tennyson's more mature admirers regarding the literary value of the costly trifle which he has written upon the occasion, few of his younger readers will find him at any time more interesting than when he is letting them into the secret of the annoyances incident to his high position. To get hold of any scrap of news, however small, regarding the private affairs of so great a man, arouses a pleasure closely analogous to that derived from a perusal of the *Court Circular*. It is certainly rather tantalizing to be admitted only to a half confidence. Curiosity is awakened. Has Mr. Tupper committed this grave impropriety, or Mr. Swinburne? Did the Poet Close so far forget himself, or was it Mr. Buchanan? Whoever the culprit was, nothing can be more unexceptionably proper than the tone of Mr. Tennyson's reply. Though the incident seems rather a strange one to make capital out of, it must certainly be allowed that no course was so likely thoroughly to mortify his offending brother as thus ostentatiously to forgive him in the sight of the whole world, and to realize a considerable sum by the process.

If it were not dangerous to vex the poet's mind with his shallow wit, an irresponsible and indolent reviewer might be inclined to suggest that Mr. Tennyson's concluding stanza might have been improved by a few more months' careful elaboration:—

O summer leaf, isn't life as brief?
But this is a time of hollies;
And my heart, my heart is an evergreen,
I hate the spites and the follies.

In the "Victim," the longest and by far the best of the two poems, a pretty story is prettily told, with all the dainty airy execution which is inseparable from Mr. Tennyson's style when he is treating a subject from a dramatic point of view. In clearness of vision, and "the sweetness and light" on which Mr. Arnold is so great, he is, as everybody knows by this time, unapproachable when telling a little tale which possesses any appreciable amount of point and human interest. The following is perhaps as picturesque as any of the six stanzas:—

But still the foeman spoil'd and burn'd,
And cattle died and deer in wood,
And bird in air, and fishes turn'd
And whiten'd all the rolling flood,
And dead men lay all over the way
Or down in a furrow scath'd with flame,
And ever and aye the priesthood moan'd,
Till at last it seem'd an answer came.
"The King is happy
In child and wife:
Take you his nearest,
Take you his dearest,
Give us a life."

Mr. Swinburne's "Ave atque Vale," in memory of Charles Baudelaire, a congenial subject for his muse, is the most ambitious of the contributions to the poetical literature of the month. In it there is abundant material to feed the admiration and dislike of his friends and enemies. Both might quote lines and stanzas which, taken by themselves, would seem to justify widely diverse verdicts. His faults are now in all men's mouths, and it has

become a superfluous task to point them out. No justification for some of them is in any way possible, most especially for those which consist in the monotonous repetitions of certain epithets and similes. In this poem, however, he shows more self-control than usual; and a nearer approach to sustained thought and calm reflection than has lately been discernible in his efforts accompanies the invariable vigour and richness of his expression. One stanza, which contains his verdict on the French poet, will perhaps in after years be quoted of its writer:—

For sparing of his sacred strength, not often
Among us darkling here the lord of light
Makes manifest his music and his might,
In hearts that open and in lips that soften
With the soft flame and heat of songs that shine.
Thy lips indeed he touched with bitter wine,
And nourished them indeed with bitter bread:
Yet surely from his hand thy soul's food came,
The fire that scarred thy spirit at his flame
Was lighted, and thine hungering heart he fed
Who feeds our hearts with fame.

Mr. Macdonald follows with some thoughtful and well-executed verses on the "Turn of the Year," elaborating and giving a new rendering of the somewhat threadbare comparison between the waking up of the earth in spring and that of the soul in a future existence. The form strikes one as being rather superior to the matter. Mr. Macdonald, however, possesses the pleasant peculiarity of never seeming to write at high pressure. There is a pervading air of serenity about his verse which is in itself refreshing to his readers, after the more obvious strain which is characteristic of so much of our contemporary minor poetry. The greater part of the poem is given to a description of natural objects. In the following lines he discourses prettily enough concerning a primrose:—

Up comes the primrose, wondering;
The snowdrop droopeth by;
The holy spirit of the spring
Is working silently.
When earth lay hard, unlovely, dull,
And life within her slept,
Above her heaven grew beautiful,
And forth her beauty crept;
And though tears fall, as fall they will,
Smiles wander into sighs,
Yet if the sun keep shining still,
Her perfect day will rise.

Mr. Kingsley, a good way behind, brings up the rear of the male poets with a set of rather heavy blank verses of the prize poem or "written to order" stamp, upon Christmas Day. The poet begins by speculating as to the probable condition of the weather on Christmas morning. Will it be wet or frosty, for instance? To this question he is not prepared to give a decisive answer; with all the prophetic insight, however, of a professional almanac writer, he announces with an air of profound conviction that "Come fair, come foul, 'twill still be Christmas Day." Descending from the abstract to the concrete, he then repeats the question with a difference. "What kind of weather will the sailors in the Channel have? And the troops in Abyssinia? And the Australian farmers?" With regard to the latter he feels pretty confident; they will have fine weather:—

To them that day
Shall dawn in glory, and solstitial blaze
Of full Midsummer sun;

though whether they will regard the day from a religious or a purely agricultural point of view, seems more doubtful. Perhaps, however, even in the case of the squatter, thoughts of a Christmas Day at home

May soften, purify, and raise the soul
From selfish cares and glowing lust of gain,
And phantoms of this dream, which some call life,
Toward the eternal facts; for here or there,
Summer or winter, 'twill be Christmas Day.

A poem on Christmas Day would of course be imperfect without some allusion to eating. Mr. Kingsley congratulates man upon his proud pre-eminence in this respect:—

The pine eats up the heath, the grub the pine,
The finch the grub, the hawk the silly finch;
And man the mightiest of all beasts of prey
Eats what he lists.

Would that this last pleasing fantasy were true!

In "Twilight Night" Miss Rossetti has given us an extremely charming little piece, which is equally deserving of high praise whether regard be had to the unity of its conception or to the skill with which she has managed its half tones. Like many of her other poems, it exhibits—to make a very violent misapplication of the schoolmen's phrase—a certain "grace of congruity," which at once will give an obvious pleasure to the ordinary reader, as it certainly affords to a critic the rare satisfaction that arises from the contemplation of a work of art, however unpretending, in which there is nothing to blame. In the following lines we seem to detect a delicate hinting at a favourite feminine theory, that though constancy is an undeniable attribute of the female lover, its existence is not quite such a moral certainty in the male breast:—

If we should meet one day,
If both should not forget,
We shall clasp hands the accustomed way
As when we met
So long ago, as I remember yet.

Last, but not least, comes Miss Ingelow's "Old Wife's Song," a "Song within a Song," which, by a peculiarity characteristic of most true ballad poetry, is at once to a certain extent realistic and at the same time intensely vague, placing us at once without any introduction in the midst of an episode, and then by a careful exclusion of details exciting the imagination of the reader to supply a probable history of present and previous surrounding circumstances. A group of women suffering from a mild form of the Heimweh, ask their mother to sing them a song of old times, introducing as they do so a very picturesque description of their native town, as seen from the highlands at sunrise:—

"Thou shalt mind us so of the times long ago
When we walked on the upland lea,
While the old harbour light waxed faint in the white
Long rays shooting out from the sea.

"In the town was no smoke, for none there awoke,
At our feet it lay still as still could be;
And we saw far below the long river flow
And the schooners a-warping out to sea.

"Sing us now a strain that shall make us feel again
As we felt in that sacred peace of morn,
When we had the first view of the wet sparkling dew,
In the shyness of a day just born."

The old lady gives them accordingly a little love song, full of an undefined yearning and tender homely simplicity. It awakens recollections at the nature of which the reader is left to guess, and before it is over the already overcharged feelings of the listening women find relief in tears.

Upon the whole, possibly from their being more accustomed to the depressing atmosphere of magazines, the two poetesses do not show to so great a disadvantage as might have been expected when compared with their greater rivals.

LOYALTY AT MELBOURNE.

EVERY true Englishman must have read with boundless satisfaction the account which appeared in the *Times*, the other day, of the reception of the Duke of Edinburgh at Melbourne; or, if some disposition to sneer qualified his burst of enthusiasm, he ought of course to be ashamed of himself. If any of that unpopular school which advocates the severance of the colonies from the Mother-country were present, he must have called upon the earth to cover him from his own confusion. Think of a crowd of from forty to fifty thousand well-dressed and prosperous-looking persons, all of them, moreover, of such a high moral tone that not one of them was put into the lock-up that night; of a room larger than Westminster Hall filled with a succession, over two hours in length, of persons delivering addresses; of crowds of ladies gazing unweariedly at this exciting ceremony; of Volunteers and Rechabites and Odd Fellows and Ancient Druids pouring into the city; and all to stare at an excellent young gentleman of whom they only know that he is the son of the Queen of England. Nay, the excitement appears to have spread even to the "black fellows," who performed the mystic ceremony known as a corrobory, with the precise nature of which we frankly confess that we are not intimately acquainted. There is, however, a jovial sound about the name which sufficiently indicates a state of extreme exhilaration. We are rather in want of some spiritual barometer for giving us exactly the pressure of popular enthusiasm. We cannot say precisely to what height the index would have been driven on this occasion, but it seems that it would have reached a higher mark than had been attained since the existence of the colony. The statement about no one having been placed in the lock-up speaks volumes, because the people must either have been so much awed by the shadow of Royalty that they absolutely forgot to drink—that is, lost the most essential attribute of an English-speaking crowd—or the authorities must have been excited into such genial sympathy with the popular emotion that they forgot to take anybody up. Or perhaps we may suppose that every one was in the state of extreme good humour in which strong drink promotes a general flow of affection rather than breaches of the peace. Any hypothesis indicates the extreme satisfaction produced in a colony by the mere presence of one of the Royal princes.

Now, having said without affectation that we are very glad to hear of all this, and that it is much better than if the Prince had been hissed or even treated with coldness, we may venture to ask further what is the value of such a demonstration? The question does not admit of any precise answer. A great crowd is collected for nearly as many reasons as there are persons in the crowd. One section generally comes to pick pockets; another to drink; and a very large section indeed collects in order to see the crowd. A simple notice that a hundred thousand people would be collected on a given day in Trafalgar Square would, if it were believed, attract another hundred thousand to look at them; the gratification of forming part of a huge mass of humanity being, for some inscrutable reason, one of the most intense of which our nature is capable. It is, however, necessary to give people some good reason for forming a crowd, if only in order to convince them that their friends will be present. Hence it was evidently the belief in Victoria that the Duke of Edinburgh would draw. He was a *bond fide* attraction. How he would stand in comparison with other popular celebrities we have no means of knowing. What proportion of the crowd would have collected to welcome Garibaldi, or the Japanese ambassadors, or Mr. Spurgeon, or Mr. Dickens, or any other object of curiosity, is a matter for specu-

lation. We must accept the bare fact, without invidious inquiry, that on the whole our cousins in Australia are very glad to welcome a Prince. In that, indeed, they are by no means peculiar. If it is not rather awkward to mention the circumstance, we can still remember the welcome given to the Prince of Wales in New York. At that time it was regarded by some prophets as a symptom, and perhaps a cause, of an era of universal good-feeling and brotherhood which was to bind together all the scattered fragments of the English race. The prophecy has been fulfilled about as accurately as the equally confident prediction that the Exhibition of 1851 was the beginning of the reign of European peace. We have been treated to a very fair amount of abuse from the same persons who were loudest in their acclamations, and, indeed, we have spoken our mind about them with unqualified, if amiable, frankness. There is, it may be added, an obvious difference between the two occasions. The Americans are sometimes taunted with the eagerness which they display, in spite of republican principles, in offering due incense to royalty or aristocracy. We ought to remember in fairness that, after all, an aristocrat is a much greater rarity with them than with us, and consequently a greater object of curiosity. They crowd round the "bloated aristocrat" with a pardonable desire to see what is the nature of the strange creature of whom they have heard such animated descriptions; they may fairly look at him as we look at a walrus or a chimpanzee, simply as an object of scientific inquiry; and as it is necessary to find some decent covering for such a motive, it is most easily found in a civility which ought not to be interpreted too strictly. When a genuine Yankee expresses a rather overstrained delight in seeing a real live lord, perhaps he is really saying to himself, "Is this the sort of monster which supports itself by sucking the life-blood of the people?" and, whilst shaking hands, he is really wondering whether the boots are fitted for the introduction of cloven hoofs. Something of this curiosity, though without the antagonistic sentiment, doubtless mingled in the Australian welcome of the Duke of Edinburgh. Here was a rarity such as they might never have another opportunity of seeing. One who had lived in king's palaces it was worth coming out to see, just by way of bringing the palaces a little nearer in imagination. Next to seeing a wonder is seeing somebody who has seen it. We must add, however, although we cannot determine its amount, an element of more positive and cordial interest. The Australians doubtless felt, to put it at the lowest, that their connexion with the old country did not galled them, and that they could be proud of their English name without any disagreeable reflections. One gentleman appears to have hit upon a topic which might, under other circumstances, have been irritating. He complained that the very billiard-table upon which he assumed that the Prince was in the habit of playing had not been paid for by his Royal mother. As this, being interpreted, means that the Colonial Legislature have somehow got into such a hopeless squabble amongst themselves that they cannot manage at present to raise a revenue, the accusation against the Duke's Royal mother is not a very grave one. It may, however, suggest to us our singular good fortune in being free from disagreeable responsibilities. The tie with our colonies is so loose that it is impossible for the ingenuity of colonial agitators to extract from it any complaint against us.

Hence, if we endeavour to put the demonstration into words, it would come to something of this sort:—"We are very glad," they would say, "to see a Royal Prince, if only because he is an object of legitimate curiosity. More than that, we will make his presence an occasion for expressing cordial satisfaction with the present state of things. So long as you don't send us your convicts, so long as you allow us to settle all our own affairs in our own way, and pay the principal share of the cost of our army and navy, we will be very proud of the name of Englishmen, be thoroughly cordial in our sympathy with imperial interests, and, whenever a Prince comes our way, we will all turn out into the streets, vote him any number of addresses, and go home without getting into the lock-up." These sentiments are very excellent in their way, and have a real value, which is endangered only when we try to make too much of them. When we make a call upon a friend, we are very glad that he should come down and welcome us heartily, give us a share of the best that he can put upon his table, and boast of any claim that he can fairly establish to relationship with us. We may as well remember, however, though it is not necessary to mention the circumstance too prominently, that his civility might possibly take another turn if we asked him to lend us a five-pound note.

The value of the friendship that can exist between nations is rather a difficult question. In one sense it is not of much use, except as a topic for stump-orators. We are sometimes inclined to talk sentimentally about our feelings for the French. We are old rivals, who have seen how much better it is to buy and sell of each other than to blow each other to pieces. We have each much to learn, and we ought to be good friends, and take our reciprocal lessons as kindly as may be. This kind of talk does very well till some trifling question arises between us. We have a little difficulty about giving up criminals, or our missionaries get into a dispute at the other end of the world. Immediately we are flying at each other's throats, calling each other all the names in the dictionary, and arming to the teeth with a view to trying practical experiments in gunnery. Then we naturally assume that all the peace sentiment was mere flummery, until the breeze has blown over, and we set to work

again, as steadily as ever, rubbing up our old figures of rhetoric. Foolish as these alternations occasionally make us look, there is yet some real substance about national prejudices. No one can doubt the misfortune of having a standing grudge between ourselves and America. It is true that a tangible interest in general overrides any mere bits of sentiment. When it comes to the point we see what fools we should be to fight about trifles, merely because we have a dislike to our opponents. The evil, however, of a strong national prejudice is felt as distinctly in times of professed peace. When we know that there are some millions of people who heartily hate us and would rejoice to see us humbled, we cannot feel quite certain that their hatred will always exhale in simple abuse. We have no confidence that even the immediate prospect of a mutually disastrous war will bring them back to their senses. We may go on playing at the game of brag till one party has advanced too far to retreat. The existence of a national hatred ensures that there shall always be an abundant supply of inflammable material upon which unscrupulous agitators can work. It may be that, in presence of actual danger, it will go off with a harmless fizz. But, as we can never feel certain that it may not end in a terrible explosion, we are obliged to resort to the various means by which civilized peoples can now make peace as expensive as war. It is, therefore, of the highest importance that our colonies, which are already separate nations in so many respects, and which must some day or other set up for themselves, should be encouraged by every reasonable means to be on good terms with us. The Australians show their affection for old recollections by eating plum-pudding on Christmas Day at a temperature of ninety degrees Fahrenheit. It is impossible to imagine a more touching exhibition of attachment. People will trifle with their digestions to please a rich relation; but to do so voluntarily, out of mere love for the old country, is, dispassionately considered, a really noble action. It shows more forcibly than any mere buncombe that they have a proper pride even in the absurdities of the race from which they sprung. It reminds one of the anxiety which some people show to prove a remote connexion with a noble family, only that in this case there is nothing snobbish about the action. Countries which have no history of their own should keep up what is honourable in a strong national sentiment by claiming, as vigorously as may be, their rights in our common ancestry. It is, so far as it goes, a valuable corrective to the ordinary democratic weakness of despising the past. "God made me so high," said the Yankee boy, pointing to an elevation of twenty-four inches, "and I grewed the rest myself." Our Australian relations will naturally be tempted to take a similar view of their own growth when they get a little taller, and to forget how much is due to the social and intellectual habits which they brought with them from abroad. To encourage a sounder view of things, whether by princes or plum-pudding, is highly desirable both for the development of their own character and for the production of good feeling between us and ourselves. We are, therefore, sincerely glad that the Duke of Edinburgh has at least given some air to their patriotic feeling, and can only wish that as many royal dukes may pay them visits, and repeat the process, as is consistent with dukes not becoming something of a drug in the market; for, after all, the pleasure even of seeing a Queen's son is one of those enjoyments which sometimes fall upon the taste.

MR. GLADSTONE AND TRADES' UNIONISM.

IN his multitudinous Oldham address, Mr. Gladstone, lightly discussing on all things, human and divine, touched on Trades' Unionism. To do the fluent orator only justice, he spoke with considerable care, and he stepped with cat-like caution over the hot files of his perilous—or, as he expressed it "tender"—subject. Mr. Gladstone verged on the utmost limits of accommodating truth when he spoke of the atrocities connected with Unionism as only affecting a single trade and a single spot, as it is perfectly plain that not only Sheffield but Manchester, and the building and brick-making as well as the tool-grinding societies, have been distinctly connected with proved outrages on life and property. And, in the same mild and dispassionate spirit, he would not even go so far as to connect the recent acts of violence with the inevitable results of Unionism. He preferred to descend on the general principle of trade combinations. The combination of working-men he pronounced to be in itself a good thing; and he found it to be right, because natural, that working-men should associate to know each other's condition, to make common cause in the fair assertion of their rights and claims, and to provide for the sick and needy among them. And, with his usual fulness, Mr. Gladstone eulogistically descended on the bright spectacle of the sacrifice of individual advantage for class interests, and the creation of an atmosphere of self-respect, which Trades' Unions were calculated to foster and develop. What might fairly be discussed, he proceeded to say, was the question as to the mode in which all these great and good ends were sought to be carried out. And in reviewing the mode of operation adopted by the Unions, he singled out two points—that of strikes, and of regulations in restraint of industry. On the first of these Mr. Gladstone admitted, with some reluctance, the economical justification of strikes; on the second he explicitly declared that all rules in restraint of free labour were bad from beginning to end, and he emphatically condemned the prohibition of piece-work. And this condemnation he justified on the usual and

well known grounds, dwelling especially on the familiar argument that, as Providence has endowed different men with different capacities and powers, to aim at an artificial and forced equality is treason against natural laws, and as impolitic and shortsighted as regards the general labour fund as it is tyrannical and oppressive to the particular workman. It will be observed that, in this discourse on Trade Unionism, Mr. Gladstone only singled out one feature of its working for distinct condemnation. But this was quite enough for Mr. George Potter. At his instigation the aggregated Trades' delegates passed a resolution to call a monster meeting "to defend Trades' Unions from the attacks so persistently made on them, and inviting Mr. Gladstone and other leading opponents of Trades' Unions to attend" at it, and he baited accordingly. This invitation Mr. Potter forwarded to Mr. Gladstone in an insolent circular, in which he spoke of Mr. Gladstone's Oldham speech as "denunciatory of Trades' Unions." This most inappropriate epithet Mr. George Potter was forced to withdraw, and instead of demanding Mr. Gladstone's presence at a public meeting, he has now substituted a proposal—to which Mr. Gladstone has, it appears, assented—that he should receive a deputation of Unionists to explain themselves, but under the condition imposed by Mr. Gladstone, that the propositions to which the Unionists object should be distinctly specified. Here the matter rests; and of course we await with some little interest the issue of the proposed conference, and the great flux of talk which must ensue.

Mr. George Potter, being a rash player, has, however, committed the indiscretion of showing his hand, and Mr. Gladstone knows precisely to what views it is proposed to convert him. With a rash incontinence of speech, Mr. Potter, on Tuesday night before the assembled Trades, gave not only his definition of Trades' Unions, but illustrated his abstract conception of these institutions by a sketch sufficiently explicit of what he considers their healthy practical action. "A Trades' Union is a combination of working-men to keep up the price of their labour and to keep down the hours of work. It is the means taken by combination to prevent the individual workman at once agreeing to the employers' terms in the sale and purchase of his labour." This of course means—when translated into the familiar rhyme of

Eight hours' work, and eight hours' play,
Eight hours' sleep, and eight shillings a-day—

an artificial and unnatural enhancement of prices, against which there is no argument, even as regards policy, so long as the increased cost of production keeps below that critical point at which we can no longer produce goods that consumers at home or abroad can afford to purchase. Such a trifle as the annihilation of trade and manufacture is of course as nothing in consideration of the higher principle of doing as little as possible for the highest possible payment. However, let it pass. Whether in or out of Utopia or a Fools' Paradise, such a principle could ever work, and whether men could succeed in this constant and increasing attempt both to abridge the amount of their labour and to raise its pecuniary rewards, it is superfluous to inquire; but, we have no objection to the Unions trying it. It is simply impracticable. Its perfect triumph would be only just the annihilation of all trade and manufacture; but in theory it is neither illegal nor unjust, however stupid, for any man or any set of men to strain as far as they dare the theory of keeping up the prices and keeping down the hours of English labour till they arrive at the vanishing point. Mr. Potter argues from past to future successes. He says—and he appeals to this conclusive triumph of Unionism—that in a single trade the influence of strikes has increased the aggregate of wages paid, and diminished the quantity of work done, to the amount of two millions and a half in favour of the advocates and practitioners of high payment and little work; and all this within the space of the last five years. This may be so; but what Mr. Potter and the Unionists regard as a triumph to the British workman we read in a very different sense when translated into the melancholy lesson conveyed by the lurid spectacle of East-end distress, the collapse of almost every trade in England, the shrinking Revenue returns, and the Reports of the Jurors at the Paris Exhibition.

Facts, however, are not what Mr. Potter is much disposed to grapple with, still less with consequences. He prefers to expatiate in a larger ether, and in the serene regions of theory and fancy. He only condescends to what he calls principles. Piece-work and over-work, the policy and naturalness of which Mr. Gladstone defended, Mr. Potter is prepared to condemn, for the reason that "they tend to the degeneration of the workman, because whatever additional pay the men might obtain from over-work was devoted to a purpose far different from that for which they had exhausted their energies." Mr. Potter must have speculated largely on the stupidity of his audience when he ventured on such outrageous nonsense as this. Still more must he have ventured on his powers of defying experience and common sense when, explaining another point in a printed letter, he exaggerates this wild doctrine. First, if it is worth while to treat this trash seriously, it means that a man who earns thirty shillings a week in the regular jog-trot track does, as a matter of fact, spend it, and spend it all, on his family, his Union subscription, and his Mechanics' Institute; but that the exceptional and gifted workman who by superior energy and higher intelligence earns forty shillings, spends his extra ten shillings in the gin-shop, the music-hall, and the like degrading expenses. In other words, Mr. Potter asserts that the more skilled and intelligent an artisan proves himself to be, the more reckless,

unthrifty, and immoral does he become in his expenditure. The records of labour, and the biographies of all workmen who have risen by their wits, are against this scandalous and debasing estimate of human nature; and even could it be shown that Mr. Potter is right in this melancholy picture of the exceptionally active and clever workman, we ask for his facts and statistics, and the proofs by which he has arrived at this very strange conclusion. Having, however, satisfied himself of this astounding fact, Mr. Potter suggests that, as this degeneration of the moral character of the best workmen is inevitable, it is in their natural—that is, in their highest spiritual and moral—interests, that there should be no heroes or saints or giants or prodigies in the commonwealth of labour. All must be kept down to a dull and spiritless monotony and mediocrity. Because piece-work and over-work interfere with this flat uniformity of level Mr. Gladstone approves of piece-work and entire freedom to each single labourer. He says that to force down skill and strength to the place and the rewards of stunted mediocrity is a gross injustice and injury to the dignity of man and to the proper interests of labour, at least as respects the only trades which he can know anything about, both in its economical and moral relations. Mr. Potter, *contra*; and when the controversy is talked out we have no fears or hopes that either disputant will be converted, any more than we have any misgivings as to the issue of the argument itself.

What, however, is of consequence is the arrogant position taken up by this Mr. Potter. A statesman like Mr. Gladstone is not to be permitted in the most guarded language to express his opinion on a subject in which the very existence of this great country is concerned, but Mr. Potter charges him, and most unjustly charges him, with denunciatory enmity to a particular set of institutions. And it is nothing to urge in extenuation of this terrorism that Mr. Potter spoke without authority, and has been compelled to eat his own violent words. Some months ago Mr. Potter's party published what we believe they still adhere to as their ultimatum, in the shape of a proposed statute the general effect of which was to embody in a law the recognised principles of Unionism, and to legalize the present extra-legal trade-rules and by-laws against the employment of apprentices, and in favour of the limitation of the number of hands and hours of labour. The value of this document is this—that if Parliament concedes the demand, well and good; if not, Trades' Unions must be carried on anyhow, and they can only be carried on, by an illegal or extra-legal enforcement of their trade regulations. That is to say, as has indeed been openly said, Broadhead's crimes and Sheffield rattening and Manchester outrages are very sad things in themselves, but they are unfortunately unavoidable so long as the righteous and modest demands of Unionism are not conceded by Parliament. It is not, therefore, a question about the policy of Trades' Unions, but as to the fact whether it is possible that Unionism can be carried out without the means adopted at Sheffield and Manchester, whether rattening and picketting are or are not the necessary results of Unionism at work. For the difficulty is this:—Mr. Potter says that Unions must have the power to coerce all workmen to obey a uniform system of trade rules. This power ought to be given by the law; but, failing the law, it will be taken in spite of the law. And though he may regret it, he cannot help it, and we must all make up our minds to it. The suppressed conclusion is that there is a justification for Broadhead and his accomplices. Nor can there be any doubt but that the controversy has come to this. Rattening does go on; Broadhead himself is still a member of a Union, and is reported to have declared in open council that rattening ought to go on, and must go on if Unionism is to survive at all. Mr. Potter, and the committees and officials generally, of course denounce rattening and violence and intimidation. But—here we shall probably be instructed by the promised conference on Carlton House Terrace—what does Mr. Potter propose to do, and how is he prepared to carry on Unionism, which he pledges himself to do, if, on the report of the Commission now sitting, Parliament declines, as it most certainly will decline, to sanction Mr. Potter's principles? One answer to this question has been significantly returned by too many of the Sheffield saw-grinders during the present week. And the answer is this—Either rattening in full vigour, or the extinction of the Unions.

OUR FOOD SUPPLY.

IN matters of trade, as well as in other affairs, the beginning of a new year appears to be, at first sight, an appropriate time to sum up what has been done in the year just expired, as well as to make a forecast for the future. If, however, the question of the best time to make such an annual summary (especially of trade matters) be considered a little more closely, we think it would appear that the statistics of the year of the calendar are not those which would be selected as the most instructive. There is no sufficient reason why we should not write the story of the years ending in April or June or any other month just as conveniently as we write that of the years ending in December. But there is a period which, at any rate in matters of trade, appears to be marked off as an appropriate one for "taking stock" of the doings of the year. We mean what those concerned in agriculture and corn call the "cereal year"—namely, that beginning at one harvest time and ending at the next; or, to come to dates, the year beginning on the 1st of September of one year

and ending on the 31st of August of next year—dates which are near enough to the average harvest time of this country to serve all practical purposes. We should be inclined to adopt this period, because in this country—where our prosperity depends so greatly on what we can make by our labour, and where the cost of labour is much influenced by the cost of food, and the cost of food by a good or a bad harvest—the harvest is the one element which affects all trades alike. It influences the prices of commodities, whether it be the banker's money or the baker's loaf. It is certain that the British harvest, as it is good or bad, increases or diminishes in one way or other, for the whole population, the means of enjoyment of the comforts of life; and although it may be objected that man does not live by bread only, yet the staple food of our people is bread; it is the thing which we have to provide at any cost; it is the first charge on our earnings. The more bread costs us the less we have to spend on other things, and the less of other things is consumed by us; unless, as is often the case, the prices of other commodities fall to a point which is still within the range of our diminished resources. On the other hand, with a good harvest and cheap bread the people have money to spend on other things, and consumption increases, trade is active, and prices rise. And the harvest affects, as has been shown by the returns, the population itself, as the marriage rate rises with a good, and falls with a bad, harvest. The traffic on our railways again is notoriously influenced by the goodness or badness of our crops. In fact, examples may be multiplied almost indefinitely of the decisive influence of the harvest on the commerce and manufactures of the country. But as we now make up our accounts we cannot fairly trace the effect produced by the harvest. Take, as an instance, the year 1867. Up to August, we have the influence, whatever it may have been, of the harvest of 1866 at work; while from September to the end of the year it is the 1867 harvest which is the influencing power. In considering the statistics of the year of the calendar we, therefore, are considering results which have been influenced by two distinct causes. No doubt the statistical tables of trade for the calendar year are of great interest and value, but we believe that tables prepared in the same way for the "cereal year" would be of greater interest and value. There is no reason either why we should not have both. We ought at any rate, as an instalment, to have tables of the imports and prices of corn made up for the period we have indicated, as the trade in that commodity is in such close relation with the result of the harvest. We commend the reform we have suggested to the attention of the department concerned, and hope to see it carried out while the reforming humour of the Government is upon them.

The need for the publication of the returns for the "cereal year" has suggested itself to us while considering the accounts of the year's operations of various trades, as compiled by firms engaged in them, and published lately in the *Times* and other journals. The information given is not sufficient to enable an outside observer to form a perfectly accurate judgment; and, therefore, while we abstain from committing ourselves to a decided opinion, we find enough to justify the expression of a very strong suspicion that we have been in the habit of attributing too large a share of the adversity of the various branches of commerce in the last year to the late monetary disasters, and have regarded too lightly the effect of the two successive bad harvests of 1866 and 1867. We lack, however, the materials to test the truth of our views, because we have not the totals of the trade done, and the price-lists for the years counted from harvest to harvest. As we have already said, the year of the calendar may contain a period of prosperity stimulated by a previous good harvest, and a period when a bad harvest is beginning to project a shadow of coming troubles. The resulting figures would merely give an indication of perhaps an average trade.

We have, however, in the figures given by Messrs. Horne, Son, and Mac Innes, an approximate estimate of the cost of supplementing a bad harvest by extra foreign supplies. They tell us that the estimated value of the 1867 imports of grain was forty millions sterling, against thirty millions sterling in 1866, and we find from the Government returns that the average value of our grain imports for the last ten years has been about twenty-five millions sterling. Thus we may roughly say that the cost of a bad harvest to the nation is about fifteen millions sterling. This figure does not represent the extra cost to consumers, but only what we pay to the foreigner, and it does not include what is paid to the home producer in the way of extra price. Nor does it represent the difference between a good and a bad harvest, because the average of ten years includes several good and some bad crops. For instance, we paid to the foreigner only eighteen millions sterling for corn in 1858, and about twenty millions in each of the years 1864 and 1865. Supposing that we have paid forty millions for foreign corn in 1867, it follows that a bad harvest costs the country about twenty millions sterling. The real difference, we believe, would be greater if the imports in each "cereal year" could be examined. Now, as our annual exports of all sorts of goods, British, foreign, and colonial, amount to somewhat over two hundred millions sterling in value, it seems that a bad harvest means a tax of ten per cent. upon our export trade. This is a weight that it is clear we could not carry for long, and the importance of the sum, we think, is sufficient to account in large measure for the bad results of the year's trading. We do not mean to assert that, in point of fact, this charge does fall on our export trade, but we give the figures as a coarse broad measure of the result. Indeed, so far as we can judge, the foreign trade does not

appear to have been affected to so great an extent as would have seemed probable. Nearly all branches of the home trade, however, join in one chorus of complaint. As we have before had occasion to remark, the tables have been turned on the producers and retailers of meat; and the continued dullness of the trade, and the difficulty experienced in getting rid of the supplies sent for sale, may give us the assurance that while bread remains so dear as it is we need not have much fear of an increase in the cost of our beef and mutton. The brewers complain of a falling-off in the consumption of their drinks, and we observe a marked decrease in the quantity of malt which paid duty in the first nine months of 1867; but this may be accounted for to some extent by the increased use of sugar in brewing, which has been large since barley has been at high prices. And, as with the trades engaged in providing eatables and drinkables, so it has been with the clothing trades. Cotton manufacturers have been so absorbed with the anxieties attendant on the enormous losses caused by the fall of prices consequent on the reopening of the sources of supply closed during the American war, that they do not seem to have any thoughts left to give to the question of the importance of the home trade as compared with former years. The wool merchants, however, tell us of the "contracted home trade consequent upon the financial crisis and the high price of wheat" having, with other causes, deprived them of any grounds for congratulation. The leather factors tell us that, "as the general prosperity of the country has been much impaired by a deficient harvest and dear food, large masses of the population earning less than an average, it is no wonder that tanners find their customers unable to consume the average quantity of leather or to pay the price requisite fairly to remunerate the manufacturer." Even the importers of petroleum have been disappointed, as they expected a larger trade, which has not been done to the extent hoped for in consequence "of the dullness of trade and distress among the poorer classes, the chief consumers of petroleum." And so we might continue to trace the effect of the bad harvests of 1866 and 1867 in each branch of British business; the agricultural implement makers, whose wares the farmers are encouraged to buy by the high prices they make for corn, and the grain importers, who have done a large stroke of business on rising markets, apparently being the only people thoroughly pleased with the year's operations. It follows then, that, if our conclusions be true, we cannot see much prospect of improvement in the immediate future of home trade; for, to enable us to prophesy pleasant things, we ought to be able to see our way to lower prices for corn, and that, we regret to say, we cannot do. Let us examine our prospects for the next few months.

When in November we touched on this topic, it was to lift a warning voice against the belief in the wretched fallacies which the *Times* was promulgating, assisted by its "authority," Mr. Turner, who complacently assured the public that the price of wheat would recede to "what it ought to be"—namely, 56s. to 64s. per quarter. We pointed out the necessity the country stood in of ample foreign supplies of wheat, and stated our conviction that prices must be high until the summer. We ventured to hope that supplies would be sufficiently abundant to keep markets in check, and to enable us to lay in a reserve of corn to meet the wants of the winter, and to carry us over until the spring thaws should open navigation and enable shipments to be renewed. Those anticipations, we are glad to say, have been realized so far, and we venture now to attempt a further forecast. We confess, however, that the materials with which we have to work are quite inadequate to enable us to put forth an opinion on which we can confidently rely. Messrs. Horne and Co. tell us that farmers have threshed out from fifty to seventy per cent. of the new crop, and they confirm our estimate that the British crop is about twenty per cent. short of an average in quantity, or about three millions of quarters, making our growth about ten millions, instead of thirteen millions, as in an average year. If half of this crop has been delivered by the farmers we have consumed five million quarters, less, however, the seed which has been provided for the land, amounting to under a million, leaving about four millions of quarters as the quantity eaten. Add to this three and a-half millions, the quantity imported from September the 1st to the end of the year, and we have seven and a-half millions of quarters as the quantity consumed and remaining in stock. Now, as an average crop of thirteen millions and an average import of about seven and a-half millions—making together twenty and a-half millions—has been found enough for the country's wants, deducting the million quarters supposed to be used for seed, we may adopt a figure of something under twenty millions of quarters as the annual consumption, or about six and a-half millions for the four months from September to December inclusive. Deducting this from the total of farmers' deliveries and imports during the same period—which we have just seen to be seven and a-half millions—it follows that we have a million quarters in stock, plus whatever we may have had on September the 1st, which was a very small quantity, and probably not safe to assume at more than half a million of quarters. We have then one and a-half million quarters in the hands of importers, dealers, millers, and bakers, if our estimates be true. The *Mark Lane Express* of Monday last tells us that there are two millions of quarters on the way, which we may expect to receive before the spring; and, according to Messrs. Horne's estimate, five millions remain in farmers' hands, making altogether eight and a-half millions. We have still to provide for eight months' consumption—equal to about thirteen million quarters—before a new harvest can help us, so that we have to buy four and a-half million quarters beyond

what is on passage from foreign sources. It is clear that we have enough in our farmers' hands, in our dealers' stocks, and in what is on passage, to supply all wants during the hard winter months, and we have therefore good hope that no advance may take place, and even that the prices of wheat may suffer a slight decline under the pressure of arrivals, unless the voyages of the ships on passage be unusually protracted. The problem then narrows itself to the point whether we can obtain the required four and a-half million quarters in the months from April to August inclusive. In the corresponding period of last year we imported about four millions of quarters, and we have reason to believe that we may be able to get as much this year; for, although the Baltic and Black Sea may not give so much, America and Hungary will give us more than they did in 1867. The pinch will be between the time when our present stocks and expected supplies come to an end, and the arrival of the shipments made after the reopening of navigation. Nor ought we to conceal from our readers that grave doubts have been thrown, by those conversant with the American grain trade, on the ability of the United States to spare more breadstuffs before another harvest. These doubts—and if America should fail us, we confess ourselves unable to conjecture any alternative source of supply—and the knowledge that France has not yet satisfied her wants, and is competing with us for supplies, are quite sufficient to keep the corn trade in an excited state, and to prevent any considerable decline. Prices are high enough to attract wheat from all parts of the world to these shores, but a decline would remove the stimulant to the exertions of our merchants to supply our wants, and we are sure that the utmost efforts are necessary to find enough. We know that the error of a million quarters in any of our estimates—and with our imperfect information there may well be such an error—would render our forecast valueless; still we have ventured to make the attempt in the hope of preventing disappointment to those whose trades are affected by the high price of corn, and who are anxiously awaiting a fall. A mild winter, an early spring, a plentiful supply of vegetables, all would affect the result, and we have gone on the comparatively favourable estimate of Messrs. Horne as to the proportion of the home crop already delivered. It may be that less remains in farmers' hands than we have estimated. Yet the harvest may be earlier than it was last year, and then there will not be so many weeks' consumption to be provided for out of existing stocks. It must also be remarked that we have calculated on a complete exhaustion of stocks, which is an improbable, if not impossible, occurrence. Much depends on the appearance and promise of the growing crops; and we fervently hope that there may be no foundation for the opinion hazarded by a Mr. Du Boulay, published lately in the *Standard*, that there may be grounds for fearing that a definite disease (analogous to the potato and vine disease) has attacked the wheat plant. Two bad harvests at home have had sufficiently disastrous results to make us dread the consequences of a third.

THE CONFERENCE ON EDUCATION AT MANCHESTER.

IT is natural enough that at the approach of the Session the advocates of Educational Reform should be closing their ranks for a rush. For months past education has been the one subject of political discussion; Farmers' Clubs and Mechanics' Institutes have been deluged with talk on the subject, and it is certainly as well that all this loose thinking and loose talking should be brought at last to some practical shape. No moment, indeed, could be more favourable to the bringing forward of a wise and temperate measure than the present, when public opinion is drifting slowly but steadily in the direction of a large extension of the present system; while the dogged opposition which proposals of this sort would have received a little while ago from the "country party" in the House of Commons has broken down before the terrors of Reform, the desire to educate "our masters," and (to speak fairly) an honest sense of the inadequacy of the system, as at present administered, to cope with the rural ignorance at their doors. One of the gravest obstacles in the way of progress has been removed by the conversion of the small but active knot of secular educationalists to a compromise which shall simply regard secular instruction in a denominational light; but it is a significant fact that the recognition of the right of education, without any religious basis, to the aid of the State, should have received the support of Mr. Gladstone and of Archdeacon Denison as well as Mr. Baines. The measures of last Session, the Factory and Workshops Regulation Acts, which seem to have passed through Parliament without any adequate understanding of their purpose or effect, are already settling in a practical fashion one of the greatest difficulties of the question—that of the application of compulsion to the children of the poor; while the independent action of the greater towns seems to be removing all obstacles in the way of a system of local rating. We are perhaps somewhat infected with the very natural enthusiasm of Mr. Bruce in considering the question as practically solved by public opinion before it has entered the doors of St. Stephen's. But it is at any rate reasons for the consideration of the Ministry, and one of the reasons why we lately protested against the bitter attempt of Earl Russell to turn this into a party question is that education has as earnest and as liberal friends within the ranks of the Ministry as on the Opposition benches. The aspect of the question is very like that of Reform during the last Session. There is the same

sense that something must be done, the same conviction that it is a matter of too national an importance to be made the mere shuttlecock of party, the same appeal to the wisdom of Parliament to reflect the practical unanimity, as well as the desire for some settlement, of public opinion without its walls. One half of the tact, the good humour, the readiness to explain and to concede, which Mr. Disraeli showed through the weary discussions on rates and compound householders would suffice to lift the question of education over the sands and shoals of voluntary action and the Conscience Clause. And even his bitterest political foes would forgive much to the statesman who, if his zeal for Reform sprang simply out of party necessities, had yet courage and intelligence enough to understand and embrace the new position in which he found himself, and to treat education, not as the head of a party, but as Minister of the Crown.

One of the first dangers to be avoided is that absurd exaggeration of the defects of the present system in which the advocates of change delight to indulge themselves. When we remember that this system had to create everything, and consider what it has actually created—that it has covered the country with good school-houses, that it has provided a highly trained and effective staff of teachers, that if the annual advance is slower than we could wish it is still a steady and unintermitting advance, that it has succeeded in utilizing the resources of public liberality while exercising a severe central superintendence, that it has managed to co-operate with religious bodies on a question where they are most sensitive, without any definite rupture, or indeed more than the old silly squabble about the Conscience Clause—we see that sweeping denunciations are singularly out of place. Whatever the faults of our educational efforts during the last thirty years may be, they have certainly done much to produce that practical union on the question which, natural as it seems now, would have seemed impossible at the outset. It is just this practical union which we would, at any risk of concession or compromise, desire still to preserve. The clergy may be wise or unwise in their attitude towards reform, but, as the one body of men who are doing their duty in this matter, they have a right to be heard with respect. Trite and weary as the old battle-fields of secular education and the Conscience Clause may be, the two subjects must be patiently discussed so long as twenty thousand clergy exist whose secession from our educational organization would, in the rural districts and in the crowded masses of our larger towns, paralyse the cause of instruction; while any conscientious opposition on their part to an education grounded on principles which they could denounce as irreligious would stir up a strife whose bitterness and persistence the experience of France under Louis Philippe may enable us in some slight degree to understand. On the Conscience Clause, indeed, we think both sides are ridiculously in the wrong; the question is, in nine hundred and ninety-nine cases out of a thousand, a purely speculative question; and the experience of the mass of school managers would be that of the Dean of Chester, who, with his three great schools on hand, had never found the slightest obstacle from the religious difficulty during his seventeen years of teaching. The poor—as he truly observes—are, as a rule, wholly indifferent to the denominational character of the school to which they send their children, so long as it is religiously conducted and the teaching good. The question is really no question, but the clause as it stands is a practical evil. We cannot but think that a general understanding on the subject would be quite sufficient, and that the exceptional instance of a body of school managers refusing education to children on theological grounds might safely be left to the action of public opinion. The taking of all religious instruction out of the hands of the masters, and the placing the responsibility of it in those of the different ministers of religion in the district, coupled with the assignment, as in other countries, of a separate hour for the purpose, would be a yet more satisfactory adjustment of what is now a wearisome squabble. The clerical dread that any larger system of education founded on local rating and local management will do away with denominational and so with all religious instruction whatever, is too flatly at variance with the results of a compulsory and universal system in Prussia to require more than a little explanation. Nowhere are the denominational lines more sharply defined, and nowhere is the religion of the people at large deeper and truer, than in North Germany.

The religious difficulty will have to be fairly faced and overcome, and there is but one way of overcoming what is little more than a question of temper on both sides, before the great matters of local rating and compulsory attendance can be fairly discussed. Local rating and local administration of the rate is the one basis which has been definitely adopted by the Manchester Conference, as it was and is to be the basis of Mr. Bruce's Bill. No one will deny that some change is requisite in the actual provision of funds for the support of schools, or that the present system is wholly unsatisfactory. Funds are now derived from three sources—the school pence paid by the parents of the children, the grant from Government, and local subscriptions. But experience shows that local subscriptions are everywhere dwindling, that in the poorer urban and in the rural districts where they are most needed they are most deficient, that nine-tenths of the schools are crippled from want of money, and that, were it not for the liberality of the clergy, one-half of them must be closed. A yet graver fault of the present plan is that it fails to ensure local responsibility, or to attract any general local support. After all the fuss about education, there are few parishes where a dozen local subscribers

would not exhaust the list. Men in fact feel little interest in schools of whose education they know little, and over whose administration they have no control. The Bill which is to be brought forward next Session, however, though it differs in this respect from the merely permissive Bill of Mr. Bruce, proposes to place the power of enforcing a compulsory rate on a district in the hands of the Government only in cases where satisfactory proof is afforded that the accommodation is insufficient, or the education supplied unsatisfactory. We doubt very much the wisdom of a provision which can hardly fail to introduce a great deal of local heartburning and to impose a burden of a somewhat difficult character on the Inspectors; but it may be wise perhaps to wait for the effects of the voluntary local action which it seems we are to expect from the great towns themselves. In Birmingham, Mr. Dixon informs us, the Town Council have themselves inquired into the matter, and have passed a resolution asking for power to levy an education rate, and to expend it under local management. For our own part, it is not so much the money that we believe education to be in want of as that efficient and vigorous local support and supervision which such a rate would at once secure. Our education will never become really national till the nation takes the burden and the responsibility of it off the shoulders of a small though meritorious class, and sets it fairly on its own. The change in its nature and its effects would be a curious parallel to the reform of the Poor-laws which for the first time interested the middle-classes in the economic state of the population about them. It is only when the middle-class is interested in the education of the poor, by having its direction placed, under Government supervision, fairly in their hands, that it will begin to understand the deficiencies of its own.

While educational disputants are pelted one another with rival statistics—one trying to show 150,000 children at large in the London gutters, another showing that the exactly due proportion of children is on the books of our schools—the bulk of people will perhaps be content with their own conviction that the education of the poor is far from being as extensive or as complete as it ought to be. The first thing to be done is to bring fairly within its scope the outcasts who infest our larger towns. The second, and by far the more important, is to ensure regularity, and a sufficiently long period of attendance, in those who are actually receiving instruction. While one half of the children on the books attend little more than one hundred days in the year, and while all but a few are removed before the age of twelve, education can be little more than a farce. There is but one measure which can ensure regularity of attendance, and can prevent parents from selfishly frustrating the education of their children, and that one thing is compulsion. It is amusing to hear compulsion shrieked at as un-English, as foreign, as despotic, as likely to produce fresh Hyde Park riots, when we remember that in its most stringent forms it is already at work. The Half-time Acts and the Workshop Regulation Acts are in fact compulsory legislation in its roughest and barest shape. But even Boards of Guardians have been long in the habit of making the attendance of the children of those they assist at school a condition of their outdoor relief. No outcry of popular discontent has ever met these compulsory measures, and so far as the feeling of the working-classes is concerned, all private inquiry, as well as their public statements, go to show that the proposal meets with their warmest approbation. When Mr. Forster raised the question at a large meeting of the Reform League, the feeling of the meeting was strongly in favour of the exercise of compulsion, and we have ourselves witnessed a similar reception of the proposal when made to a mass of working-men. It would be perhaps a little difficult to induce officials to consult the Trades' Unions on the subject, or to get the Unions to express an opinion; but information as to the state of opinion among the artisan class could be sought from no better-informed sources. The opposition of the casual labourer will be utterly ineffective if it is met by the cordial support of the skilled workman. But while urging strenuously the necessity of basing our system of education on an attendance enforced by law, it may fairly be a question for discussion whether, as Sir John Kay Shuttleworth suggests, it would not be better to defer further compulsory enactments till the effect of those at present in force has been ascertained. An extension of the principle of the Workshop Regulation Acts to the rural districts, however difficult, is certain to be brought about; and with this efficiently carried out little would, in fact, remain to be done. Mr. Fowle did well to point out a practical difficulty, which experience will best settle, in the assumption that a compulsory system necessarily implies free schools. We see no reason why the principle which now prevails in the matter of rating should not be applied to the matter of education, and families only excused from the payment of the whole or of part of the school fee on proof of their inability to pay. A refusal on the part of those able to contribute towards the education of their children could easily be remedied by a magistrate's order, such as is now made in the case of children sent to reformatories. It is useless, however, to go into further detail; the discussions of the Conference and those of the next Parliamentary Session will no doubt introduce many modifications and additions into Mr. Bruce's Bill; but we cannot but think that, in its moderation and practical utility, the Bill will furnish an admirable standing-ground for the advocates of a wise and temperate educational reform.

WAR-OFFICE REFORM.

IT is very generally rumoured that a little revolution is going on at the War Office, though none outside of the sacred precincts, and perhaps not many within them, seem to know what really is projected. The external signs of this actual or imaginary internal fermentation are three new appointments of an unusual kind. General Lindsay is gazetted to command the reserve forces, including the Volunteers, the Militia, and the Pensioners. Sir Henry Storks is to have the title of Controller-in-Chief, and General Balfour is to be his chief assistant and adviser. Very various interpretations have been put upon these apparently simple revelations, and it is not easy to say at present how much of good or evil they portend. General Lindsay is well spoken of by those who ought to know what merits he possesses, and he will certainly deserve the highest encomiums that can be bestowed upon any military officer if he contrives to amalgamate the three forces nominally placed under his command without utterly destroying the value of one at least of them. The Volunteers have hitherto been placed under a staff of inspectors, headed in the first instance by General M'Murdo, who did more than any other man to make the civilian army what it is, and subsequently by Colonel Erskine, who has devoted himself indefatigably to the improvement of the force under his command. If the new appointment signifies that the old system is to be abolished and superseded by an attempt to work the Volunteers, the Militia, and the Pensioners together, the result can only be disastrous failure; but as it is possible that the intention is merely to put a single controlling chief over the existing staff of each of these services, we forbear to criticize a project which may turn out never to have been entertained. The Volunteers have long asked (almost entirely without success) for the privilege of learning their duties by being brigaded with the army as often as might be practicable; but this is a very different thing from an association of the civilians and the Pensioners, to say nothing of the Militia, which we believe would do no good to any of the forces concerned.

The appointments of Sir Henry Storks and General Balfour probably point to a change in matters where any change must be for the better. The organization of the War Office is one of those things which nobody can be expected to understand, but, so far as ordinary human intelligence can discover, it seems to be based on the principle of chaos. If the tremendous effort of a march from Windsor to Hounslow is to be compassed, it follows from this principle that the food for the troops should arrive twenty-four hours after the weary and hungry men have marched in. And, accordingly, this result has been exactly achieved. A second incident which also occurred last year is still more curiously illustrative of what is called the system. The local Commissariat officer at the Curragh wanted a new pair of bellows, and after a lengthy correspondence obtained authority from the War Department, on the 12th of February, 1866, to indent on the Royal Engineer Department for the bellows, and applied for them to the district Engineer officer. On the 16th, the district Engineer officer applied to the Military Store officer at Dublin. On the 19th, the Military Store officer at Dublin informed the Royal Engineer officer at Dublin that he could supply the required bellows on requisition. On the 20th, the Royal Engineer officer at Dublin forwarded this information to the Royal Engineer officer at the Curragh; and on the 21st, the local Engineer officer at the Curragh replied that he had no power of requisition. On the 22nd, the local Engineer officer at the Curragh asked the local Commissariat officer if the proposed bellows would do. On the 23rd, the local Commissariat officer replied "Yes." On the 24th, the local Engineer officer informed the local Commissariat officer that he must apply to the Royal Engineer officer, Dublin; and, accordingly, the local Commissariat officer applied to Dublin. The Military Store officer at Dublin answered, that he would supply the bellows on an order from the War Office. The local Commissariat officer then produced an authority from the War Office, and read it to the local Engineer officer. On the 1st of March the district Royal Engineer officer declined to have anything to do with a service which was not brought to his notice through the proper authorities; and the local Commissariat officer referred the question to the Commissariat officer in Dublin. On March 2, the Commissariat officer in Dublin referred the question to the Deputy-Quartermaster-General, Dublin; and the next day the Deputy-Quartermaster-General at Dublin referred the requisition to the Quartermaster-General, Horse Guards. On the 5th, the Horse Guards referred to the War Office, and the War Office referred to the commanding General-in-Chief, London. On the 13th, the Commanding General-in-Chief asked the Director of Stores to give authority, which two days after was produced. The Director of Stores then stated that the Commissariat officer should include the bellows in the annual estimate; and on the 17th the Commanding General-in-Chief wrote to the Horse Guards, and the Commissariat officer, Dublin. After all this correspondence, on the 20th of March the Commissariat officer at the Curragh was still bellowing for his bellows. Whether he has got them yet does not appear. Other instances of the perfection to which chaos has been brought in this department might be cited without number, and therefore, if the mission of Sir Henry Storks and General Balfour is to change all this, their task seems to be in one sense as easy as that of General Lindsay is difficult. Do what they will, they can scarcely fail to mitigate chaos, and to earn the grateful acknowledgments of an admiring country. Sir Henry

Storks has the enormous advantage of enjoying a reputation which he has now an admirable opportunity of justifying, and General Balfour has done so much good work in India that he cannot fail in his new position without tarnishing his well-earned credit. It is supposed that the powers accorded in the first instance to the new brooms who are to sweep chaos clean out of the War Office are of a rather undefined and extensive character; and whatever may be the ultimate position of the Controller-General in the military hierarchy, it is certain that nothing less than unlimited authority to recommend, backed by all reasonable support from the Secretary of State, can enable any officers of whatever rank to convert the War Office into a good working machine. It is, therefore, with unmixed satisfaction that we credit the current report that the immediate functions of Sir H. Storks and General Balfour are those of Reformers-General.

It is still, however, very uncertain in what direction, and with what success, Reform is to be prosecuted, and the only guide to those who are anxious to inquire is that furnished by the evidence and Report issued by Lord Strathnairn's Committee. The scheme propounded by that Report undoubtedly promises to do away with some of the most mischievous peculiarities of War Office disorganization, though at the same time it suggests some novel arrangements pregnant with evil, and inevitably omits to deal with the root of all that is wrong in our military administration—the dual government of the War Office and the Horse Guards. Some hint of what is likely to be attempted now may perhaps be gathered from the evidence of Sir Henry Storks and General Balfour, both of whom were examined before the Commission, and are now nominated to the new department of control, the creation of which was the most valuable recommendation of the Report.

The project of the Commission is based, though not without wide differences in detail, on the organization of the French Intendance. The Intendant-General in France has the control over the whole supply services of the army, and acts in concert with the General-in-Chief, under the directions of their common master, the Minister of War. To every division of the army is attached a subordinate of the Intendant-General, who undertakes the entire supply and transport duties, leaving the General in command to devote his whole attention to his combatant functions. In England we have nothing analogous to the French Intendance. We have one department which overlooks all commissariat duties; another which attends to transport, or neglects it, as the case may be; a third which has the supervision of stores generally; a fourth which purveys medical stores; a fifth which is exclusively occupied with the supply of clothing; a sixth which supervises barracks; and a seventh which attends to accounts. With the exception of the last—the financial department—all these are really branches of one service. The Commissariat can do nothing without transport, and it does occasionally happen that the Military Train, when called upon to carry food or forage, has some very excellent reason why it should employ its resources on some other duty. Why one store establishment should be limited to clothing, another to drugs, a third to food, a fourth to fuel, and the like, and, above all, why these should be wholly independent of the control of any single officer, is one of the mysteries of the War Office which even Lord Strathnairn could not fathom. So his Committee very sensibly propounded the principle that all the needs of the army should be furnished by one general department of supply, under the control of one staff. The head of this department was to be the Controller-in-Chief—who is now embodied in the person of Sir Henry Storks. This officer is intended, it would seem, to have subordinate Controllers attached to every separate command; so that the local General, when in want of anything for his troops, will have the right man at his elbow to apply to, whether he requires food, fuel, coats, guns, ammunition, or medicines, or the not less essential transport, without which none of these necessities of the soldier can be provided at the place where for the time being they may be wanted. This consolidation of half a dozen departments into one would perhaps have been too reasonable and obvious an amendment to be introduced into our chaotic system if it had not been qualified by some directly conflicting arrangements; and accordingly, for some extraordinary reason, it is said to be proposed that the Controllers who supply everything else shall not be permitted to serve out clothing, which is still, it seems, to remain a separate department under its present staff. As no reason has been given for this singular exception, and as we cannot possibly imagine any, it will be better to abstain from comment on the absurdity, and to wait to see whether Sir Henry Storks has license allowed him to carry out in its integrity the principle of the Report. Another exception which is insisted on by the Report rests on grounds more plausible perhaps, though not more sound. It is proposed that tents, guns, artillery-harness, ammunition, and other military stores should not be included in the supply department, but should be managed by a wholly new branch to be called the Ordnance Department, and to be officered from the Artillery. The theoretical ground for this alteration is that only artillery officers can be capable of taking care of stores of this description, which is much the same as saying that none but a physician is fit to keep a druggist's shop. A precisely similar reason would exist for making medical stores a separate department under a staff of army-surgeons. But the practical answer is that the existing storekeepers are fully as well qualified for the duty as any artillery officer can be, and, according to the evidence of Captain Gordon and others, perform it most efficiently. A still

more serious consideration is that in time of war we want all our Academy-trained artillery officers to fight their guns, and cannot afford to waste such valuable material on mere storekeeping duties which can be satisfactorily performed by civilians at a much less expense. In India the employment of army officers on various non-combatant duties is a necessity, which is obviated in England by the abundance of well-qualified civilian labour; and General Balfour's experience must, we think, convince him, on consideration, that what is sauce for the Indian goose may not be the appropriate condiment of the English gander. While the symmetry and success of the scheme of the Commission is impaired by these irrational exceptions, an equally palpable mistake is made by including among the functions of the Controller-General the wholly independent duty of account. No large firm in the world ever employed the same man as its buyer and its cashier. The very essence of effective, rapid, and accurate accounting consists in its separation from all executive details; and the mischief of the proposal comes out in ludicrous strength in the suggestion of the Commission that the duties of audit should be performed by the local Controller, or, in other words, that the man who spends the money should audit his own accounts.

A perusal of the evidence given by Sir Henry Storks and General Balfour will show that neither of them is hopelessly committed to the defects we have pointed out in the generally judicious proposals of the Report; and if they have the sort of authority which is supposed, and the courage to use it, they can scarcely fail, while putting the scheme into working shape, to eliminate the glaring inconsistencies which appear on the face of it. One thing, however, they cannot do, or attempt to do, or even openly seem to desire, and that is to place the combatant element in its true position under the Minister of War. They may combine all the supply services under their central department, with Sir Henry Storks himself as Controller-in-Chief. They may judiciously organize a financial department under a co-ordinate chief. They may subordinate both of these, as they must be subordinate, to the direction of the Secretary of State, through a single permanent Under-Secretary; but they cannot place the chief of the fighting department in an analogous position of subordination. In principle, the Parliamentary army of a constitutional country ought to be distinctly and avowedly under the Parliamentary Minister, who should control the combatant no less than the supply and financial departments; using, of course, properly qualified officers of suitable rank as his assistants in this particular branch of his duties. We have been told, on the highest authority, that in substance this subordination exists, and that the Horse Guards is in reality, though not in form, subject to the War Office. When the pinch comes, no doubt this is so; and in case of any grave difference the Horse Guards yields to the constitutional authority. But in a multitude of little emergencies the requisite pressure is not applied, and the Minister of War is shorn of his legitimate powers. Even when, as is often the case, the double machine works without actual collision, there is of necessity a large amount of friction which neither Sir Henry Storks nor any other reformer will reduce so long as it is attempted to work an actual Parliamentary army under the theory of an exploded prerogative. The Horse Guards is a symbol of the past, and, until our forms are brought into harmony with realities, we have no right to expect the same smoothness of working in our machinery which is attained in countries where no such inconsistency exists. But the formal as well as the actual subordination of the Horse Guards to the War Office is one of those reforms which will certainly be left for the new Parliament, and in the meantime there is room for vast improvements in detail, if only Sir Henry Storks and his coadjutor know how to effect them.

CHARITABLE CONTRIBUTIONS.

THERE is something of the Dogberry character about us. When the world writes us down an ass, we console ourselves with the reflection that we "are a householder; and a rich fellow enough, go to; and a fellow that hath had losses." Something of the comfort arising from the reflection that though we have been done out of our money and substance, yet still we are a great, glorious, wealthy, and most beneficent set of fellows after all, is at the bottom of the flutter of satisfaction which fills the national heart as, morning after morning, we read those imposing lists of charitable contributions, and those pathetic annals of distress, displayed through successive columns of the *Times*. It is calculated that there are at the present moment between seventy and eighty Boards, Committees, Societies, relief funds, bands of district visitors, clergymen, dissenting preachers, refuges, soup-kitchens, all clamouring for alms, all receiving alms, and of course all dispensing alms, in what is called the East-end of London alone. These extemporaneous and tumultuary levies are only auxiliary to a grand standing army of Societies always at work for the same purpose. The Boys' Home, the Girls' Home, the Home for Three Hundred and Seventy Boys, the Providence Row Refuge, the Field Lane Refuge, the East-end Central Relief Committee, the Shadwell Relief Fund, the Proposal to Relieve the Poor in the Isle of Dogs, the Isle of Dogs Relief Fund Committee, the Employment and Relief Association for Bethnal Green, the East London Relief Committee, the East-end Emigration and Relief Fund, the South London Public Soup Kitchen, Coals for the Destitute, Bread and Coals

for the Poor, a Christmas Tree, a Christmas Dinner, Blankets and Flannel for the Poor, the Systematic Benevolence Society—such are only specimens of what is going on. And, as we have said, there are minds to which this spectacle of lavish and ungrudging charity only conveys a sense of thankfulness. Here, they say, is Christianity at work. These are the practical fruits of the Gospel and civilization. There is no coldness, no calculation, in this open-handed mercy. Is there sorrow, is there poverty, is there distress? These are the only questions. An appeal is made, and it is answered. Hang economy—political, social, or moral. There is the poor man, and he must be relieved. And when things have come to this pass we think it rather a fine thing; never what it is—a serious national disgrace. What there is of noble and generous in this sentiment, embodied as it is in most practical deeds, there is no occasion to say. But, somehow or other, we ought to face other considerations. Mere almsgiving is no virtue in itself, and, as far as Christian sanctions go, the very type and example of the objects for whom the rich ought to care was not so much poor as diseased and crippled. It is only in slipshod sermons that the Lazarus of the parable can be forced into a parallel to the East-end beggar; and whatever the Bible says about the duty of feeding the hungry is at least met by the stern saying, "This we commanded you, that if any would not work, neither should he eat: for we hear that there are some which walk among you disorderly, working not at all." We are not very fond of quoting Scripture, but when it is in so many appeals asserted that our sole duty is never to turn our face from any poor man, it is not quite impertinent to suggest that, if one sort of pauperism is hallowed in the New Testament, it is at least certain that another sort of pauperism is condemned even to the rigorous punishment of starvation itself. Of course everything turns upon the sort of pauperism which is pleaded for, and the question comes to this, whether, in the extant East-end distress, any discoverable element of pauperism exists which deserves rather punishment than encouragement. Even to start such a doubt will of course be denounced as hard-hearted economy, anti-Christian, and inhuman. Be it so. Our complaint is, that in the system of relief now going on there is not only no possible machinery for sifting the cases, nor even an attempt to devise such machinery, but that the system, so to dignify it, makes examination impossible. As far as the subscribers go, they wash their hands when they have sent in their money; and in many cases they think that a handsome subscription relieves them as completely from all antecedent responsibility in permitting the distress to exist, or the plea of distress to be raised, as from any duties in seeing that it is properly spent. They give to the poor-box at the police-office; to the offertory at church; to the irrepressible clergymen and secretaries who write sensational letters in the newspapers; and they are perfectly satisfied when they hear of the 20,000 visits paid, the 100,000 tickets dispensed, and all the statistics of soup, blankets, and coals. Very far are we from saying or hinting that the East-end clergy, and the East-end City Missionaries, and East-end district visitors do not scrupulously expend every farthing committed to their stewardship. Nor do we say that, under the circumstances, all these lavish funds could be committed to better, or indeed to any other, hands. But what we do say is, that the almoners are altogether inadequate to the work to be done, because the work ought not to have to be done at all. It is neither in clerical nor in nonconforming nature not to make capital out of those prodigious powers of subsidizing attendance at church and school and meeting-house with which the annual cry of East-end distress supplies them. Nor do we even argue that some remote good may not be done by getting people to churches and meeting-houses, even though, in the first instance, they flocked round religious teachers for the loaves and fishes. But this good, whatever it is, and stated at its highest, must be confronted by other facts.

A Relief Committee at work means this, under the most favourable and promising conditions. "We divide," says the reporting clergyman, "our district into sub-districts; I and my curates and my district visitors personally inspect every case. Upon a full consideration we give relief according to the emergency of each applicant." And very pretty this is on paper. But the scale and conditions of relief can only be settled by considering the pauper's own account of himself; and to check his or her voluble autobiography there are of course no means whatever. The East-end clergy may be the salt of the clerical order; but when a man has a hundred families or persons to visit, his examination of them must be very perfunctory. As to "my curates," looking at the knowledge of human, and especially of pauper, nature possessed by young deacons, most of them literates, and some illiterate, we need not enlarge upon or exaggerate their disqualifications for the work of a relieving officer; and as district visitors in the East-end must mean—if they do not often resolve themselves into Mrs. Harris—only broken-down silly old spinsters with soft hearts and hard features, who have either never had any experience of life, or have outlived it, we dismiss all the pompous farrago of sub-committees and sub-districts, chairman and secretaries. And this, be it observed, is the very type and model of a Relief Committee. Whatever this organization might do, it is, as a matter of fact, confused and crossed by other gusts of relief and relievers who know and care nothing about parochial or any other boundaries; but who literally prowl on the loose, and, hot in the rivalry of fussiness, give right and left, ignorant and careless whether they are not going over ground which has been

trodden two or three times before. The very pretence of discrimination makes the relief more really indiscriminate. The complacent leer of the pauper by profession, the chuckling grin with which the veteran "distressed artisan," who as regularly expects the East-end distress season as his betters lay themselves out for grouse and pheasants, recounts the cadging dodges by which he has bagged his two dozen relief tickets before two o'clock—these are the things which have induced some at least of the East-end incumbents to decline either to appeal for or to disburse special relief funds. But if these are the inevitable results of the distress season when presented under the most respectable conditions, it may easily be conjectured what it is when manipulated by a lower class of noisy and pretentious clergymen of the "active" sort; though it cannot be conjectured what relief becomes when distributed by City Missionaries, and collected, and we trust scattered, by the professional agents of Societies which hang like parasites on British charity. To audit and check the accounts of this promiscuous and haphazard almsgiving, were any accounts possible, is simply out of the question; and where no check on the character and necessities of the receivers can be sustained, the almoners can be charged for the most part with no greater fault than the lavish and mischievous expenditure of what is carelessly given. But it is in the interests of the really deserving poor, the sick, infirm, and old, that we argue that this deplorable practice of giving an annual dole to every postulant should be revised. Virtue in any class of life is austere which can refuse gifts that are pressed upon the receiver; and the native dignity of Poplar and Millwall must be very dignified which stands apart from the greedy herd of pauperism that annually flocks to the East-end of London from every quarter of the metropolis. It is of course easy to say that the Poor-law has broken down; but so long as the ratepayers—that is, in fact, the owners of property—down East find that their parishes are flooded once a year with half the idleness and unthrift of London, and while at the same time they know that the familiar cry of East London distress will fling thousands a week into the laps of those who have only to ask for it, the Poor-law is sure to break down. It is nobody's interest that it should stand up so long as "charitable contributions" pour in, much to the advantage of the dispensers of the alms, who find it pleasanter to scatter tickets than to fight the Guardians or spur the relieving officer.

These considerations apply of course to the extemporized mass of pauperism attracted by the season to the East-end of London, and to the deplorable pauperizing and demoralizing of the whole population which must be its inevitable result. But we shall be asked whether there are not special misfortunes which have happened to the shipping and shipbuilding and mercantile interests generally of these parts? We are aware of them. We do not require to be reminded that the inflated trade of four or five years ago has collapsed; and we well know that two bad harvests, and the consequent paralysis of trade, have brought the East London shipwrights very low. But we cannot forget some other things; *ex. grat.* that these very Millwall shipwrights, who do not decline to receive the paupers' alms from relief-funds, did decline last year, in the interest of their families and upon "trade principles," to take lower wages; and we are also aware that the growing tyranny of the Unions has banished profitable business from the Thames and the great river districts of London. We have not the slightest doubt about the severity of the distress under which the artisans of the Isle of Dogs are suffering. But distress in trade is no new thing. The cotton famine brought deep suffering on the Lancashire mill hands, but the American war was not deliberately chosen by the cotton-spinners. The London shipbuilding trade is all but annihilated, but we are assured that it might have still survived had the East-end artisans been permitted to do as nature dictates—earn half a loaf when they could not earn a whole one. What we are doing now is, in some cases, money well spent; in many more it is only encouraging professional beggary; but in too many it is only an indirect encouragement to the tyranny of the Unions. If, as some who are not habitual croakers assure us, it be true that in the Trades' Union system is involved the ruin of English trade, we are only precipitating that ruin by any charity—which is no charity at all—that teaches that there are other and legitimate means of life for a working-man beside the work of his own hands.

THE MIDLAND RAILWAY.

THE Chairman of the Midland Railway Company has, to all appearance, made a clean breast of the sins of the Board; as clean, that is to say, as a Chairman's breast can be fairly expected to be under any circumstances. He had rather a formidable task before him when he addressed his constituents—neither more nor less than to explain away 5,000,000*l.* of new capital suddenly required, and indeed as much as 8,000,000*l.* of new liabilities in excess of any that had been made known to the shareholders. The broad facts, as they come out from the extremely interesting and instructive speech of Mr. Hutchinson, are something of this sort. The capital of the Midland Railway Company is 32,000,000*l.*; and until the 14th of December last, when their eyes were opened by the Directors' circular, the shareholders had a right to believe, and did believe, so far as shareholders in these times can be supposed to believe anything, that this handsome sum of 32,000,000*l.* would suffice to pay for the works already executed, and the extensions for which Parliamentary powers had been obtained. This supposition

is now acknowledged to be slightly erroneous, 8,000,000*l.* more being wanted to complete in their entirety the engagements of the Company. Even the blindest of Directors generally find out that their capital is deficient before the gulf to be filled requires so very considerable a sum as this; and although the truth came upon the shareholders and the public at a blow, it must have been gradually demonstrating itself to the Board over a period of many years. The Act authorizing the great London Extension from Bedford was passed in the year 1863, on estimates prepared in 1862. Other Acts for various local branches have been in existence as long or longer, and from the first moment after the acquisition of the coveted powers the estimates for all these works have been growing vigorously under the eyes of the Directors, until they have at length developed the enormous increase of 8,000,000*l.* which is now confessed. During the whole interval the truth has been concealed, with the usual object of keeping the shareholders quiet and maintaining the stock in the market; and we must do the Midland Directors the justice to say that few Boards have been so successful in preventing even a suspicion of the truth from oozing out. The regular machinery of audits and reports and speeches at general meetings has been going on all the time; it does not as yet appear that the accounts have been cooked after the fashion common in more reckless Companies; and yet the shareholders did not know or dream what their position was within this huge margin of 8,000,000*l.*

The first reflection that this singular discovery suggests is the utter inefficiency of all the means adopted for the purpose of keeping the shareholders of a Company informed of its affairs. The Directors of course, or at any rate such of them as are permitted to act, know everything; but it is clear enough from this, as from a multitude of other instances, that shareholders have no security that they obtain the information to which they are entitled, unless their Directors make it a point of honour to tell them, year by year, all that they know themselves. The Midland Board is supposed to be highly respectable among Boards, but the Directors certainly did not acknowledge the obligation of this measure of frankness. Like their brethren in other concerns, they put on a marvellous candour once in ten years or so when a crisis comes that compels them to speak out; but breasts that are only made clean at such distant intervals, and that too upon compulsion, must be in a sorry condition in ordinary times. Such, however, seems to be the law of a Director's existence; and now that it is so well understood that no sagacity on the part of a shareholder will enable him to judge of the prospects of his Company for want of the facts which are sedulously disguised when they are not impudently misstated, it is not surprising that prudent investors should avoid dealings in shares altogether. There are some traders with whom it is considered unsafe to have transactions except when they have just emerged from the Bankruptcy Court, cleared of all their liabilities, and perhaps possessed of some unaccountable nest egg consigned in a safe quarter. So it would seem that the only time when it is safe to purchase railway shares is immediately after a searching Committee of Investigation. The Caledonian Railway Company went through a process of Parliamentary bankruptcy, very many years ago, and immediately recovered its credit, and from that day to this it has been doing nothing, so far as one can discover from recent investigations, but concealing its true position from the world. Now it is in difficulties again. The same thing occurs with the majority of Companies to a greater or less extent; and so universal is the practice of deception by Directors that, even when a Board is thoroughly honest, it is quite impossible to make the public believe in so exceptional a virtue.

No one can deny that this is a very discreditable state of things, and yet the shareholders of the Midland Company do not seem to have thought much of the really damaging aspect of the affair. That their Directors should have misled them was comprehended as a matter of course, and the only real interest excited was on the question whether the secret expenditure and the unauthorized engagements were good or bad investments. The Chairman did not appear in the least ashamed of having induced or allowed his constituents to believe what was not true as to the position of the Company, and his only anxiety was to prove that the secret excessive outlay would return five per cent. Perhaps it may, perhaps it may not; but whether it does so or not, the Company will still have a Board whose annual reports cannot be trusted to disclose the true condition of the undertaking. While this is the normal condition of management of even the better class of railways, a man might almost as well play *rouge et noir* as dabble in their securities; and the mischief is done not only to the offending Companies, but to the holders of all railway securities, which are of necessity tainted with the prevailing bad faith which Boards of Directors think it wonderfully clever to practise.

So far as the nature of the Midland expenditure can be gathered from the Chairman's speech (though it would be absurd to put any real confidence in the representation of any Chairman until tested by independent authority), it does not seem to have been wholly injudicious. The Company have bought twice as much land as they originally proposed to take, partly for the purpose of having four lines into London, and partly perhaps as a land-jobbing speculation. The latter policy was, in some instances, very successful as practised by the London, Chatham, and Dover Railway Company, and would have been more so if the Directors had not been compelled to work with floating capital borrowed at high rates. But whether this example has been followed by the Midland or not, there is scarcely any price which can be given for land in

London which may not turn out to be cheap after the growth in value of two or three years. Nor can there be any doubt that four lines of rails may be profitably employed by them for many miles out of London. Another extra expense has been the use of steel instead of iron rails, the economy of which is now acknowledged by all railway managers. More station and hotel accommodation is charged with other part of the expenditure; but whether this will prove a good investment, especially in the case of the hotel, is a question which it would require much detailed information to answer. The improvement of gradients has entailed further additional outlay, but this may very possibly pay itself over and over again in the shape of diminished working expenses. All these, however, are matters which need examination, and cannot be taken for granted from the speech of a Chairman seized with a sudden fit of exceptional candour.

The policy announced by the Directors is less open to comment than their past practices. Out of their 8,000,000*l.* of liabilities, about half is intended to be postponed for several years; and the 5,000,000*l.* now proposed to be raised ought to be enough to make good the other half, as 1,000,000*l.* out of 5,000,000*l.* is probably margin enough to allow for Directors' estimates under circumstances so provocative of frankness as those of the present moment. Still, unless the Settle and Carlisle and other works should be ultimately abandoned, there will remain a necessity for three or four more millions a few years hence, even supposing that no more judicious expansions of capital should be secretly developed in the meantime.

The real facts as to the Midland line will not come out until the Committee of Consultation, or Investigation, or whatever they may be called, publish their Report; but it is quite possible that much unjustifiable concealment may be practised by a Board which has, nevertheless, judgment enough not altogether to throw away the money it expends. The shareholders are evidently consoling themselves with this anticipation; and we trust they may not meet with disappointment; but it would be a good sign for the future wellbeing of railway investors if shareholders would occasionally abstain from complimenting Directors who have, on their own showing, not dealt openly with their constituents. At present, entire honesty of statement does not seem to be expected or even asked for a Board; and while this tone of feeling prevails it is impossible that Railway or any other Company securities should hold a sound position in the market. The indirect mischief of such concealment as has been practised by the Midland Board may be infinitely greater than the loss which would have been caused if the whole of their excessive outlay had been sunk without the hope of any return. But shareholders will condone anything but a reduction of dividend; and if their laxity occasionally ruins them, they have only themselves to blame.

ST. GEORGE'S OPERA HOUSE.

MR. GERMAN REED, lessee and manager of the Gallery of Illustration, encouraged by success, has ventured upon higher ground. He wishes to establish in London a permanent comic opera. He believes, and so do we, that the elements for such an institution exist among us, and there is no evident reason why his idea should not be successfully carried out. He has found a theatre ready to his hands in the house built in Lougham Place, by Dr. Henry Wyld, the Gresham Musical Professor, for his London Academy of Music and his New Philharmonic Concerts. He has converted the orchestra into a stage, and erected private boxes on either side the proscenium. No more was requisite to turn the concert-room into a light and commodious *salle de spectacle*—or "auditorium"—the newly accepted term, for which we have to thank Mr. Boucicault; and as boxes and stage, with all appurtenances, are so constructed as to be removable at will, ordinary musical entertainments such as those which Dr. Wyld is accustomed to offer to the public can be held in proper season under conditions to which the public has been accustomed. Although the limits of the stage are circumscribed—it being, as we are informed, Mr. Reed's intention only to present such comic operas, or operettas, as may require two, or at the most three, changes of scene—this will be no disadvantage. Nor is it a matter of small significance, the object in view taken into consideration, that the acoustic properties of St. George's Hall are rather improved than otherwise by the change.

Hurried preparation allowed for, the new undertaking of Mr. Reed may be said to give promise. His company, no doubt, might be more generally strong, but modifications and additions may be reasonably expected from one who has earned an honourable position by the tried efficiency of his management elsewhere. The circumstance that warrants fair hopes of something really good proceeding from St. George's Opera House is the production of a new operetta, entitled *The Contrabandista*, for which Mr. Arthur S. Sullivan, whose *Cox and Box*, performed last summer at the Adelphi, by amateurs, in aid of the Bennett Fund, exhibited a comic vein of rare promise, has composed the music. The piece itself, a farcical melodrama, written for the late Mr. Robson, is, we understand, the joint production of Messrs Burnand and Montague Williams. It originally bore the title of *The Law of the Ladrone*—a more appropriate title, it must be admitted, than the one now assigned to it, seeing that brigands, not smugglers, are the prominent characters. Though the whole thing is more or less of a travesty, it has its sentimental as well as its comic side. The sentiment is shared between Rita, a young lady who has

been captured by brigands, and Count Vasquez, her lover, who, disguised as a shepherd, plans her rescue. The comic element is concentrated in Mr. Grigg, an amateur photographic artist from London, who travels on foot among the Spanish mountains with the implements of his calling, and, while engaged in putting them to practical use, is entrapped by the very same brigands with whom Rita is a captive. To these must be added Inez de Roxas, Queen of the Brigands, together with San José, nicknamed "the Wolf," and Sancho, nicknamed "the Lion," her two most formidable chieftains. Inez is a widow, the late chief, her husband, having been recently shot; and it is the "law of the Ladrone" that when their captain—a married man, *de rigueur*, we may presume—is killed, the first stranger they can lay hold of shall be made captain in his place and espouse the widow. It is the happy lot of Mr. Grigg to be captured, appointed, and betrothed. But the brigand-widow entertains a sly preference for San José, "the Wolf," by whose rivalry with Sancho, "the Lion," both for the affections of the widow and the command of the troop, a large portion of the burlesque situations is suggested. A plot is hatched between Inez and San José, the upshot of which is that Sancho is to be murdered by Grigg, and Grigg to be condemned and executed for the act. The Queen will then wed San José, and "the Wolf" be elected captain of the band. They are overheard, however, by Sancho, and a conference between that worthy and Grigg ends in Sancho's escaping to inform the military, who are close on the trail of the brigands. At an opportune moment, just as Rita and Grigg are about to be sacrificed, the soldiers arrive. The brigands are seized; but to their agreeable surprise, the officer of the guard informs them that he holds in his hand a pardon for all, on condition that they will enlist—for all, that is to say, except the captain, who is to be shot without delay. The consternation of Grigg, only a captain of brigands, as Molière's Sganarelle was a doctor of medicine—"malgré lui"—may be imagined. He is saved, nevertheless, by Count Vasquez, now no longer a shepherd, who assures the officer that Grigg is not a "ladrone," but an honest gentleman; and all ends happily for every one, except for Inez de Roxas, who, being a woman, cannot enlist, and is mulcted at one and the same time of an expected husband and a company of genial and obedient robbers.

Extravagant as this may look, it answers its purpose well enough. The music it has inspired has not only the genuine comic ring, but it is always graceful, pleasing, and methodically composed. While entering thoroughly into the humour of the thing Mr. Sullivan has everywhere idealized it, so that, in his music at least, not a trace of vulgarity is to be detected. His comic songs, while real comic songs, are artistically finished all the same; and in situations that might almost have lured an ordinary composer into the region of buffoonery, he has preserved melody and symmetrical form. Thus the intrinsic charm of his work, which makes itself felt from the outset, is never weakened or imperilled. The introduction—a duet for Sancho and San José, with chorus of "Ladrone," ushered in by a brief (too brief) orchestral prelude—at once shows that we have to do with a musician, who, no matter under what aspect, must and will be, before all, musical. It is tuneful, flowing, carefully finished, and at the same time full of character—exactly, in short, what it ought to be, but what only a practised adept in his art could have made it. The next piece is a quintet, in which Inez, Rita, and the Shepherd join the personages already named, a highly effective piece of vocal part-writing, in which a certain affectation of pomposity is excellently to the purpose. Then comes an extremely pretty ballad for Rita—"The tinkling sheep-bell knells the parting day"—of which the words (though they might be more original) and the music are equally entitled to praise; and then a very telling duet for Vasquez and Rita, in the first movement of which the lover, in shepherd's guise, tries to console the captive lady, and in the second, throwing off disguise, declares his resolution to continue the means of her escape. Mr. Grigg now appears, with an *aria d'entrata*, as the Italians term it ("From rock to rock with many a shock"), the burden of which is a narration of the difficulties encountered by the amateur photographer in the pursuit of his avocations among the mountains, and a vow that if he gets once safe home he will run no such risks again. The leading motive of this song is one that insensibly haunts the ear, and the composer has turned it to admirable use in other parts of the operetta where Mr. Grigg is conspicuous. The whole is instinct with a humour which, though quiet, is none the less genuine. The trio that ensues, when Grigg is surprised by "the Wolf" and "the Lion," is as tuneful and full of comic movement as the song just mentioned. The first part, with its piquant orchestral accompaniment, might have been written by Auber; and this is said without any idea of charging Mr. Sullivan with plagiarism. The situation is that where the brigands inform Grigg that he must either be their captain or be shot, concluding with an invitation on the part of the unwelcome intruders to "dance the Bolero," which the unhappy photographer is compelled to do against his will—though Mr. Sullivan, as if in consideration of the feelings of Mr. Grigg, has set the intended bolero to a waltz-tune, the least original, by the way, if not the least catching, in the operetta. A real bolero, however, quaint and charming, comes shortly afterwards—to which recurrence is subsequently had, in the form of an orchestral interlude. The finale to the first act, where Grigg is formally dubbed chief and invested with the dignity of "the Hat," is, from beginning to end, capital. The dance-music, the references to the brief orchestral prelude which stands for overture, the Hymn of the Coronation-Hat

("Hail to the ancient hat!") for chorus, with solo for Grigg—a sort of parody, if there may be a parody of a parody, of "Le sabre de mon père," in M. Offenbach's *La Grande Duchesse de Gerolstein*—and the resumption of the theme of Grigg's first song, accompanied by dance and chorus, which brings it to a climax, are one and all of the best; and while every amateur must be more or less impressed with its tuneful and lively character, musicians will hardly fail to note its easy flow and ingenious construction. In short, this is a *finale* worthy an act every single piece of which has merit. The second act would seem to have been written comparatively under pressure. It is all good, and contains some things perhaps as good as any in the first; but it has not the solidity of its precursor. The opening piece is a song for Vasquez—a kind of serenade ("Wake, gentle maiden"), in the rhythm and measure of a bolero, altogether out of place, but sufficiently agreeable as music to compensate for its anomalous absurdity; and this is followed by a characteristic duet in which Inez and San José extol the virtues of the "Ladrones." A sentimental ballad for Rita ("Will he return to set me free?") comes next, and is succeeded in turn by a comic trio of the genuine stamp, for Inez, San José, and Grigg. In this trio Inez and San José give their not over-heroic captain the first intimation of the task he has to accomplish in disposing of Sancho. It is spirited and characteristic throughout; but the last movement, a particular feature of which makes us involuntarily think of a certain trait in one of the choruses of Mendelssohn's *Walpurgis Night*, is unquestionably the best. Grigg's song, describing his imaginary exploit with Sancho, could hardly be surpassed as a specimen of mock grandiloquence. The finale to Act II., while of much slighter pretensions than its precursor, is excellent, both in a dramatic and a musical sense, the references to the theme of Grigg's first air, which Mr. Sullivan seems determined that his audience shall not forget, and to the waltz in the trio of the first act, being alike happy and in keeping. A little consideration would enable Mr. Sullivan to make the second act of the *Contrabandista* equal to the first, and thus to complete as charming an operetta of its class as we can bring to mind. It is only just, in conclusion, to recognise the sterling ability with which he has made use of the small orchestra at his command. His instrumentation is throughout clear, ingenious, and rich.

The performance—which on the first night was far from satisfactory—is now, on the whole, very good. The two ladies—Miss Arabella Smythe (Rita), and Lucy Franklein (Queen of the Brigands), favourably known as concert-singers—have yet to learn that the stage and the concert-room are widely different arenas. It is an advantage to Mr. Sullivan, nevertheless, that his music, so far as they are concerned, should be so safe. They have evidently committed every note of it to memory. The part of Count Vasquez is sustained by Mr. Edgar Osborne Hargrave, a very young tenor, whom, being absolutely a novice, it would be unfair to criticize severely. He has a pleasing voice and a prepossessing appearance; the rest may come in time. The two chief Ladrones are impersonated by Messrs. Aynsley Cook and Neilson. A more formidable "Wolf" than Mr. Cook could scarcely be dreamt of, but in striving to out-Cook Cook, Mr. Neilson overdoes "the Lion" in a manner to call for a word of admonition. The gentleman who represents the Spanish officer (Mr. Hodges) is not remarkable as a singer. The life and soul of the piece is Mr. J. A. Shaw, whose performance in Mr. Macfarren's operetta, the *Soldier's Legacy*, had already made him a favourite with the public at the Gallery of Illustration. This gentleman's impersonation of Mr. Grigg is distinguished by humour of the right sort, and if he had been blessed with anything resembling a voice he would shine no less as a singer than as an actor. Grigg is a sharply-defined character in his hands, and he delivers his principal song ("From rock to rock")—all his music, indeed—with a point and intelligence for the secret of which many a dramatic singer, gifted with a voice, might profitably barter that voice in exchange. The orchestra, though numerically small, is efficient, and at its head, as leader, is Mr. H. Weiss Hill, one of our most capable violinists.

The rest of Mr. Reed's entertainment is supplied by M. Offenbach, whose extraordinary popularity is one of the enigmas of the present day. The production of an English version of *La Chatte métamorphosée en Femme*, under the title of *Puss in Petticoats*, was not a very happy beginning. This little comedy is preferable in its non-lyrical form, to which all who remember Madlle. Jenny Vertpré on the French, and Miss Louise Keeley (with one song) on the English, stage can testify; nor is the music of M. Offenbach by any means a favourable example of his powers—reasons which, combined with a performance beneath mediocrity, may account for the withdrawal of the piece after a few representations. The extravaganza of *Ching-chow-Hi*, which has been played every evening after the *Contrabandista*, was made familiar to the London public at the Gallery of Illustration; and the puzzle is to understand how such unmitigated rubbish should, even at the Gallery of Illustration, have found favour.

In conclusion, we wish—just as every one who cares for the lyric drama, no matter under which of its phases exhibited, must wish—success to St. George's Opera House. At the same time, the more persistently it is made the vehicle of bringing forward English talent the better chance will it enjoy of becoming a fixed institution. Mr. Reed has begun well with Mr. Sullivan, and can lose nothing by further digging in the soil of native art. Meanwhile, for his foreign adaptations, which we presume are indispensable, we advise him to place little trust in M. Offenbach. M. Offenbach's

humour is so peculiarly French that it is not readily transmitted through the medium of another language; the salient points in his works are in many instances wholly repulsive to English feeling, and have therefore (witness the *Grand Duchess* at Covent Garden) to be modified, if not suppressed; and his music, apart from a certain vein of lively tune here and there (never, by the way, over-original), cannot seriously be regarded as music at all. When such works are to be obtained as *Le Châlet* of Adolph Adam, *L'Eclair* of Halévy, *Les Voitures Versées* of Boieldieu, some of the earlier productions of Auber (*La Neige*, *Le Maçon*, &c.), to say nothing of the *Double Échelle* of M. Ambroise Thomas, *Ben Soir Mons. Pautalon*, &c. of M. Grisar, with many others—all comparatively, if not wholly, unknown in this country, and any one of which could decorously be presented without modification—it seems odd that the director of St. George's Opera House should have had recourse to *Puss in Petticoats* and *Ching-chow-Hi*. The promise of Auber's *L'Ambassadrice*, with Madlle. Liebhart as the heroine, is not encouraging, such an opera being entirely beyond the means of the present company. We have better hopes of a reported new operetta by Mr. Frederick Clay; and indeed, if the staple commodity cannot be provided at home, it is difficult to see how the new undertaking can serve any good purpose.

REVIEWS.

MORE ABOUT JUNIUS.*

IN the language of the annalist of the Royal Hunt, the well-known deer Junius has been again turned out, and has, as usual, afforded excellent sport. The cultivation of useless knowledge is the healthiest of recreations, and an historical puzzle attains its highest value when it has become conventionally interesting as well as intrinsically difficult. Mr. Hayward appropriately quotes, under the odd title of "a familiar legend," *Æsop's* fable of the man who told his sons to dig for a treasure in his vineyard. The value, as he says, lies in the industry which it stimulates, and in the incidental harvest of biography or history. Mr. Parkes and Mr. Merivale think that they have dug up the treasure, but Mr. Hayward shovels back the soil into the trench, and asserts that the search must be pursued in another part of the enclosure. His pamphlet exhibits the sagacity of an astute lawyer and of an accomplished critic, and it has probably disturbed the languid faith of many believers in Sir Philip Francis, who had welcomed the testimony of Mr. Merivale and Mr. Parkes as confirming their traditional belief. Mr. Hayward shows that, as Mr. Merivale had candidly admitted, the laborious researches of Mr. Parkes had failed to produce any positive evidence in favour of the claim of Francis; and it is not easy to estimate justly the authority of a judgment founded on long familiarity with a special study. Prejudice often grows as ignorance diminishes, and theories have much capacity of assimilating newly-discovered facts; yet the man of one book is always formidable to more versatile opponents. Mr. Parkes would, perhaps, like Niebuhr, after exhausting argument and illustration, have demanded of his disciples implicit trust in the intuitive perception of truth which rewarded the devotion of many years to Junius. Both historians might have urged in support of their claim their own singular deficiency in the faculty of narration, and the consequent probability that the value of their statements would be imperfectly appreciated. If Mr. Merivale, possessing the gift of articulate speech, had devoted more time to the interpretation of the text which he edited, Mr. Hayward would perhaps have attached importance to some of the indications which establish a probable connexion between Francis and Junius. The extraordinarily studious habits of Francis in his youth, and his industry in collecting the class of books and official documents which might have furnished materials for the Junius Letters, raise a probability that his familiar notes to his boon companions illustrate only a small portion of his character. Mr. Hayward quotes some of these letters to prove that, during the publication of the Junius Letters, Francis often drank deeply at tavern dinners, or amused himself in country tours "in true gentish fashion"; yet he was undoubtedly engaged in political intrigues with Calcraft; and he asserts, in his autobiographical fragment, that "if Chatham had come in I might have commanded anything, and could not but have risen under his protection." It is admitted by the partisans of all the claimants that Junius supported the Grenville party, and that he differed from Lord Chatham on the right of taxing the colonies. Mr. W. T. Smith, editor of the *Grenville Correspondence*, in his able essay to prove that Lord Temple was Junius, quotes a speech delivered many years later, in which the American policy of Lord Chatham is mentioned with approval, as a demonstration that Sir Philip Francis could not have been Junius; but a letter written by Francis to his friend Mr. Allen, in 1766, proves that Francis was at that time a strong supporter of the claim of the Imperial Government. It is more difficult to reconcile the language in which he speaks of Wilkes, in his private correspondence, with the public and private letters of Junius; but it appears, from the documents published by Mr. Merivale, that during the whole course of his life Francis seldom mentioned friend or enemy in his most secret journals, except in

* *More about Junius: the Franciscan Theory Unsound.* By A. Hayward, Esq., Q.C. Reprinted from "Fraser's Magazine," with Additions. London: Longmans & Co. 1868.

terms of censure and contempt. Mr. Smith agrees with Mr. Parkes in attributing to Junius the *Candor* series of letters.

The frequent intimations of Junius, that he is a man of rank and fortune, admit with equal plausibility of two opposite interpretations. Either the statements are true, proceeding from Lord Temple, Lord George Sackville, or some person holding a similar position, or they are intended to mislead suspicion, and perhaps to express the secret aspirations of the writer. The language of Junius to the Duke of Grafton and to the King seems to imply an animosity which could not be felt by a stranger; and yet it is difficult to believe that even in the eighteenth century any gentleman would have attacked equals or superiors of his personal acquaintance in terms of invective so utterly outrageous. If Lord Temple was Junius, Lady Temple copied his letters, and, as Mr. Hayward truly says, her handwriting resembles the manuscripts of Junius more nearly than that of Sir Philip Francis; but during the publication of the letters Lord and Lady Temple visited the Duke of Grafton at Wakefield Lodge; and it cannot be supposed that both the Earl and the Countess would wantonly have committed an act which, on the part of Junius, or of the wife and amanuensis of Junius, would have involved the basest social treachery. Mr. Hayward prefers the literal explanation of "the high, proud, lofty, disinterested, and independent tone—no more capable of sustained imitation or assumption during a series of years than the *air noble*, or the look and bearing of a gentleman. It is curious to mark how Wilkes, who had lived familiarly with the great, is caught by the grand manner of Junius." Mr. Charles Butler is quoted as having held the same opinion, and Mr. Hayward adds, that during the Junius period the distinction of ranks was far more rigidly observed than at present, and that Junius speaks of the Dukes of Grafton and Bedford, Lord Mansfield and the King, in the very tone in which Lord George Sackville or Lord Temple would have spoken of them. The look and bearing of a gentleman are nevertheless far more difficult to imitate in real life than in literary personation. Mr. Hayward probably remembers the scene in *Pendennis* where the drunken reprobate Captain Shandon composes in the Fleet prison the prospectus of his *Fall Mall Gazette*. The gentlemen of England, he informs his readers, have determined no longer to be represented by hired scribblers, but to defend in person their own rank and wealth against revolutionary assailants. Their names are necessarily concealed, though some among them are affixed to the charter of Runnymede; but it is implied that the noble sentiments befitting their condition will be easily recognised through their anonymous disguise. In after life Francis lived, like Wilkes, "with the great," and he probably found no difficulty in assuming as much of the "*air noble*" as suited his rank. The independence which Junius attributes to himself, and which in one of his private notes he recommends to Woodfall, was the boast of Francis, who was also anxious to assert his position as a gentleman. In 1771, referring to a supposed slight from an acquaintance, he says:—

My laying down the coach was prudence, not necessity, but they, I suppose, suspect the contrary. At any rate, I know myself to be independent, and, if it were otherwise, they are the last of the creation to whom I would yield a tittle. Yet my contempt for them is expressed with all the politeness imaginable.

In an elaborate and pompous paper of directions to his son's tutor, written before his departure to India, Francis repeats again and again his desire that the boy should, above all things, be a gentleman. "The object which I have in view is to make my son an English gentleman, to which he is entitled by his birth and situation in life." "It is my purpose to make him a gentleman." "The idea of gentleman in England includes, not only the qualifications usually annexed to that character in other countries, but a high and spirited way of thinking, arising from a sense of the security and independence of his condition." It may be doubted whether rank is more valued by its possessors, or by those who envy and desire it; but probably noblemen speak less than others of their social advantages, though they may think of them more. If Francis was Junius, his hatred of the chief objects of his libels must have been as imaginary as his assumed position; but indignation is congenial to some tempers, even when it rests only on public grounds.

Suspicion was first directed to Francis by the publication, in Woodfall's edition, of the private letter which proved that Junius had written a violent attack on Lord Barrington. The occasion of the letters signed "Veteran" was the retirement or removal of D'Oyley and Francis from the War Office; and it has been naturally inferred that neither Lord Temple nor any of the other supposed claimants could have been lashed into fury by a transaction in which they could have had no interest. In Mr. Hayward's opinion the private correspondence published by Mr. Merivale is decisive against the pretensions of Francis. "That he left the office on friendly terms with Lord Barrington is undeniable, and this is a fact (as will presently be seen) bearing with overwhelming weight on the question of identity." It is certain that Francis left the War Office without an open breach with his chief; but that he was satisfied with the treatment which he had received is not in any degree undeniable. Mr. Hayward relies on the account of the matter given by Francis to his kinsman, Major Bagges, to the effect that on the resignation of the Deputy-Secretaryship by Mr. D'Oyley, "my Lord Barrington was so good as to make me the offer, with many obliging and friendly expressions. I had however solid reasons for declining the offer, and Mr. Anthony Chamier is appointed. All this I should be glad if

you would communicate to anybody that is willing to hear it." Junius asserts, on the other hand, that "Lord Barrington, not content with having driven Mr. D'Oyley out of the War Office, has at last contrived to expel Mr. Francis." The two statements are entirely irreconcilable, but it may not necessarily follow that they were not made by the same person. Calcraft, who, having no other concern in the matter, must have acted in concert with Francis, sent paragraphs to the newspapers announcing the appointment of Francis as Deputy; yet he afterwards said, "I knew Francis was not Deputy, but I wished him to be so, and to cram the newspapers with paragraphs that he was so, for he is very deserving." As Francis says, "I should be glad if you would communicate this to anybody that is willing to hear it." It is strange that, if Francis wished to leave the office, Calcraft should wish him to stay. The statement of Junius, that D'Oyley was driven from the office, is confirmed by D'Oyley's letter to Francis, in which he states that his offer to resign was "readily and, which is mortifying, without one civil speech, granted." "What would I not give," he adds, "to settle a certain point," which might possibly be the succession of Francis. In the fragment of autobiography, Francis asserts that he had long been desirous of quitting the War Office; but the statement, even if it is accurate, is compatible with resentment against Lord Barrington on account of the circumstances of his retirement. The friendly relations which subsequently existed between Lord Barrington and Francis would be, in ordinary cases, sufficient proof that neither could have published an execrable libel on the other; but the language which Francis applies to his undoubted friend and benefactor Calcraft furnishes a conclusive answer to a plausible argument.

Mr. Hayward perhaps lays undue stress on the necessity of leisure and temperate habits to the writer of the laboured Letters of Junius. It is perfectly true that, as M. Janin says in a passage appropriately quoted by Mr. Hayward, literary inspiration has never been derived from wine; but few men even in Francis's time were drunk all day, and there is no reason to suppose that he drank to unusual excess. If polish of style is incompatible with occasional intoxication, Sheridan was not the author of the *School for Scandal*; and if wine destroys eloquence, neither Pitt nor Fox can have been great orators. The bulk of the Junius Letters is small; and although Mr. Hayward assumes that the first clerk of the War Office must have been fully employed, Francis himself speaks in 1771 of his "present state of uninteresting indolence." It is true that, if he was Junius, he had enough to do, but on the same supposition he would only refer in a private letter to his avowed occupations. Mr. Hayward himself probably attaches little importance to arguments which are nevertheless legitimate makeweights in the general controversy. The most effective and ingenious part of his vigorous essay deals with a difficult question which perhaps involves the solution of the celebrated problem. On the trial of Woodfall for publishing Junius's Address to the King, the jury returned a verdict of "guilty of printing and publishing only." The Attorney-General afterwards moved in the Court of King's Bench that judgment should be entered according to the legal effect of the verdict; and the counsel for the defendant moved in arrest of judgment. Lord Mansfield, in delivering judgment, entered into all the circumstances of the case. On the 11th of December, 1770, Lord Chatham accused Lord Mansfield, in the House of Lords, of deviating from the regular practice of the Court by "travelling out of the record" on a motion in arrest of judgment. The proceeding, as Lord Chatham admitted, would have been proper on a motion for a new trial; but on arrest of judgment it was alleged to be "irregular, extrajudicial, and unprecedented." Lord Chatham's speech, according to the report which Junius declares to be exact, is taken almost word for word from an anonymous letter received on the 9th of December by Calcraft, and forwarded by him to Lord Chatham; and it has always been supposed, with much probability, that both the letter and the report of the speech were written by Junius himself. In the autobiographical fragment which Mr. Hayward, following Mr. Parkes and Mr. Merivale, supposes to have been written in 1776, Francis positively asserts that he wrote, and sent to Calcraft, the letter which Lord Chatham reproduced in the House of Lords. "I heard the great Earl of Chatham repeat my letter *verbatim* in the House of Lords, not only following the argument exactly, but dressing it in the same expressions that I had done." Mr. Merivale hastily assumes that the letter mentioned by Francis is a communication to Calcraft on an entirely different subject, dated, in the Appendix, Dec. 1, but quoted in the text as of Dec. 10. The letter used by Lord Chatham was anonymous; the letter in the Appendix is signed by Francis. In the autobiographical fragment it is not stated whether any signature was appended. Francis, however, who says that "he caught a hint of Lord Mansfield's irregularity from Bearcroft one night at a tavern," mistakes in the autobiography the point of Lord Chatham's argument, although he ascribes it to himself. Woodfall, he says, moved for a new trial, and, "according to the established proceedings of the Court, the grounds for granting or refusing a new trial must arise from some defect in the verdict, and must appear on the face of the record." Lord Chatham and his informant had correctly stated the opposite doctrine; and consequently the memory of Francis must have failed him, or he must have told a deliberate falsehood in a paper which he is not known to have communicated to any human being. If his statement is untrue, Mr. Hayward's point is almost established;

but if it is true, though inaccurate, Francis was almost certainly Junius. The letter to Calcraft, published in Mr. Merivale's Appendix, has no bearing on the question.

"This," says Mr. Hayward, after quoting Lord Chatham's speech, "is the exact contrary of the statement in the autobiography. Francis, acting on a sudden hint, and having no occasion to recur to the point, may have confused or forgotten it after the lapse of three or four years. Not so Junius, on whose mind it must have been (so to speak) stereotyped by the sustained earnestness with which he returns to and dwells upon it." The interval from 1772, when Junius published his Preface to the Letters, till 1776, is comparatively short; yet Mr. Hayward, as a lawyer, must be well aware of the rapidity with which knowledge acquired for a special purpose is discharged from the mind when it has served its turn. A lawyer remembers law, which he has studied for its own sake, but he forgets almost instantaneously isolated facts or fragments of chemical or engineering science which he has derived from competent informants, and used with accuracy and effect in the conduct of a particular case. A layman who has occasion to master a point of law has an equally limited term of enjoyment in his little patch of learning. Having no root in his habits of thought, or in his general acquirements, the transplanted shoot of knowledge withers away; nor is it improbable that Junius, who was certainly not a professional lawyer, may have forgotten within four years the argument on which he had founded the most virulent invective. The *Life of Francis* contains a curious illustration of the possibility of the very error which Mr. Hayward regards as decisive against the pretensions of Francis himself. Mr. Parkes had spent the latter part of his life in studying every question relating to Junius, and, as Mr. Hayward says, he was Junius-mad. He was fully aware of the importance for his purpose of Lord Chatham's speech, and of the anonymous brief on which it was founded; and, as a lawyer, he understood better than Francis or Junius the difference between a new trial and an arrest of judgment, and yet he makes the exact mistake which is said to be fatal to his hero. He speaks (vol. i. p. 77) of "the celebrated speech of Lord Mansfield on the discharge of the rule nisi against Woodfall for a new trial in the Junius prosecution." Mr. Parkes must have read the speech and the letter a dozen times, not only within four years, but within four months of his erroneous reference.

It happens that the interval in Francis's case was not four years, but at the very least fourteen years, and not improbably forty. Mr. Hayward, following Mr. Merivale, who follows Mr. Parkes, has supposed that the autobiographical fragment was written in 1776, and the latter part of it may probably have been originally composed in that year; but in the part of the document, as it is now published, which is material to the present question, Francis speaks of Lord Shelburne as Marquess of Lansdowne, and of Lord Gower as first Marquess of Stafford. In 1776 there were no marquesses in England, except eldest sons of dukes, nor was the title revived till 1784, when Lord Temple was created Marquess of Buckingham, and the Earl of Shelburne Marquess of Lansdowne. Earl Gower became Marquess of Stafford in 1786, fourteen years after the publication of Francis's Preface. As he is called "first Marquess," it seems probable that the autobiographical fragment was written in the time of the second Marquess, who succeeded to the title in 1807. Whether the story of the letter to Calcraft was put upon paper fourteen, or five-and-twenty, or five-and-thirty years after the close of the Junius Letters, Mr. Hayward can scarcely deny that a layman would have had time to forget the legal niceties which had served their purpose when they had been used to discredit Lord Mansfield. What Sir Philip Francis and Mr. Parkes forgot may have been forgotten by Junius; but it is impossible that Francis could have forgotten whether he had provided Calcraft with the materials for the speech which he heard Lord Chatham deliver. Mr. Hayward has perhaps accelerated the decision of the controversy by calling attention to the remarkable statement, which approaches nearly to an assertion, by Francis, that he was Junius. Mr. Hayward's conclusion is more forcibly than charitably expressed in a supposed quotation by the shade of Junius, of Othello's contradiction of Desdemona's dying statement:—

He's like a liar gone to burning hell.
'Twas I that did it.

Whatever may be the consequences of a lie must certainly have befallen Sir Philip Francis if he was not the author of a document which almost all critics ascribe to Junius.

HISTORICAL MEMORIALS OF WESTMINSTER ABBEY.*

WHATEVER hopes or fears were aroused by the latest appointment to the Deanery of Westminster, there was at any rate a general expectation that the great Abbey had at last found its historian. The *Memorials of Canterbury* had given promise of Dean Stanley's ability to illustrate the past of a famous ecclesiastical shrine, and one of the papers in that series had been a real addition to our national history. His own double position reflected in his double tastes, ecclesiastical as well as literary, his tendency to a sort of antiquarian research, his command of historical analogies, the charm of his style, the point and interest, if not the philosophical power, of his occasional reflections, his faculty of seizing and grouping a number of isolated details

* *Historical Memorials of Westminster Abbey.* By A. P. Stanley, Dean of Westminster. London: John Murray, 1863.

into a vivid picture, above all, his known love for the great minister with which his name is now connected, seemed to point the Dean out as fittest to undertake the task of recording its past. We fear that expectations such as these will find little satisfaction in the *Memorials of Westminster*. The book is hardly a book at all; it strikes one, as one reads, as a series of lectures, essays, papers, loosely strung together, with little artistic unity and less historic purpose. The matter is wholly borrowed from the great compilations of Dart and Neale pieced out with pages of Macaulay and Froude, and with cuttings from *Notes and Queries*. The historical facts and references are strangely inaccurate; the reflections, often beautiful and refined, are here and there strained, and even bombastic; the very style itself bears, in more than one page, signs of carelessness and haste. As a whole, it has the air of a book put together in a hurry, amidst a whirl of other engagements, studies, and thoughts. But hurry can hardly be urged as an excuse for literary faults in a writer of such eminence as the Dean, and least of all in a work which from its very nature called for the most scrupulous and loyal care. No one compelled Dr. Stanley to undertake the history of Westminster; but, once undertaken, the work must expect to meet with a criticism which the very fame of its author, as well as the greatness of his subject, necessarily make somewhat exacting.

The first and the most fatal blot lies in the plan which the Dean represents himself as having adopted from the well-known *Roman History at Rome* of M. Ampère. The history of his church, he tells us at the outset, ought to be the history of England in Westminster Abbey. Few examples would be better worth following than that of M. Ampère, were the circumstances in anywise similar, but unfortunately the difference is obvious. The whole of Roman history lies amid the sites and the buildings of Rome. Its consuls, its kings, the pride of its aristocracy, the degradation of its mob, the varied greatness and littleness of its Caesars, all are written in Forum and Coliseum and Appian Way. But the history of England is in no sense written in Westminster Abbey. One great page in it indeed, in its results perhaps the greatest of all, lies open in the Chapter-house that saw the birth of our Parliaments. In the press of Caxton the Abbey sheltered the germs of a power which, here as elsewhere, was fated to mould a nation's destinies. But, these memories excepted, Westminster is nationally little more than a Campo Santo. The shrine of the Confessor has gathered round it the tombs of the greater part of our kings, and in their train have come hundreds of other monuments of the illustrious dead. But tombs by themselves are not history, and the fortunes of England were decided, not in the aisles of Westminster, but on the fields of Evesham and Naseby, or in the vanished Chapel of St. Stephen's. The truth is that the Dean has invented a very ingenious theory to account for a very simple fact. The spirit of the verger is, as we all know to our cost, still dominant in the Abbey, and the Dean has written in the spirit of a verger. The *Memorials of Westminster* are in nowise a history of the great building or its fortunes; they are simply the finest and most elaborate of all "Guide-books to the Tombs." The natural result, of course, is that the records of the Abbey as a religious foundation remain almost entirely unwritten. Of his own predecessors up to the Reformation, the Dean gives little more than the names. To do him justice, indeed, he is particularly careful in burying them, and in pointing out as far as he is able the site of their tombs. Yet Orderic would have told him something about Abbot Gislebert, and the annals of the house want only a little patience and research to become interesting enough. We suspect, however, that the Dean willingly hurried over ground which he felt to be somewhat insecure beneath him. It would be perilous to write the history of a great monastery without some general knowledge of monastic life and of the constitution of monastic communities; but if we may judge from the elaborate distinctions which the Dean endeavours to draw between Westminster and other conventual establishments, monastic antiquities are hardly his strong point. What may be the distinction between "the Collegiate Church of the Dean and Chapter" and "other cathedrals" we do not pretend to know, though Bishop Hopkins will doubtless rejoice to find the Dean giving his minister the utterly incomprehensible denomination of a cathedral. But of the distinctions which are alleged to have severed the "Monastery of the West" from other Benedictine establishments, there is not a single one which it did not share with the rest of its rivals. It was no more the centre of a separate jurisdiction than St. Albans or Glastonbury. It attained its independence of episcopal supervision at exactly the same time and in precisely the same way as its fellows. Most of the religious houses of any note, St. Albans certainly, had their archdeacons. Nor can we see anything distinctive in the circumstances which Dean Stanley quotes as illustrative of the greatness of the abbots:—

On their accession they dropped their own surnames, and took the names of their birthplaces as if by a kind of peerage. They were known like sovereigns by their own Christian names, as "Richard the First," or "Richard the Second," and signed themselves as ruling over their communities by the grace of God.

We certainly thought that these were traits by no means peculiar to Westminster, but common to the superiors of every religious house in the world. But on this subject of names the Dean has still a little to learn. Few things are better tests of historical accuracy than the right naming of persons and things; and there

are few points in which this book is more deficient. When we are told that the "young prince," the son of Henry Fitz-Empress, "was crowned under the name of Henry the Third," we see that the title given by chroniclers has been confounded with the official style given in the coronation service or in public documents, where numerical designations of this sort did not come into use for a century afterwards. This, however, might pass for a mere slip of the pen; but what is the meaning of the mysterious announcement that "on Henry the Third's accession, the Abbey was in possession of the Dauphin of France"? In the first place, such a person as "the Dauphin of France" never existed, and never could exist, from the mere meaning of the name; in the second, the first Dauphin, who was also son of a French king, lived in the middle of the fourteenth century. In the time of Louis, the son of Philip Augustus, Dauphiné was as independent of France as England itself. Earl Harold would certainly have stared at the new title of "Duke," which the Dean has given him; it looks as if the Dean took "Dux" to have been always a territorial designation. Why, again, is the well-known Earl of Mercia called "Loofric, Earl of Coventry"? The title is of course given him by the monastic blunderers of the fourteenth century, when all memory of the time before the Conquest was faint and blurred; but its use in the nineteenth century is a blunder of a far more serious sort.

To those who do not take a special interest in historical studies instances such as these may seem of trifling importance, but we cannot pass from page to page without encountering statements of far larger significance. "The chief river of England," says the Dean, "has by a natural consequence secured for its chief city that supremacy over all the other towns which have at various times claimed to be capitals of England—York, Canterbury, and Winchester." The truth is, that not one of the three mentioned ever claimed to be the capital of England at all. York was the seat of Roman administration in Britain before England existed. Winchester was the capital of Wessex. Canterbury was never anything more than the chief city of Kent. To say that "the gradual formation of a monastic body, indicated in the charters of Offa and Edgar, was part of the spread of the Benedictine order throughout England in the latter reign under the influence of Dunstan," is either the oddest of anachronisms, considering the dates of Offa and Dunstan, or a piece of very odd English indeed. We leave Dean Stanley to fight out with Mr. Kingsley the discovery in Eadward the Confessor of a rival to his Hereward as "the last of the Saxons," although, with Harold before our eyes, we think Mr. Kingsley has, in point of time, made a better choice than the Dean. But we must respectfully enter our protest against the theory that "Danegelt," in the Confessor's day, was an "obnoxious tax paid to the Danes." Whatever Eadward's faults were, they are not those of Ethelred the Unready, nor was England tributary to the stranger under the administration of Godwine. Into many inaccuracies of this sort the Dean has no doubt been betrayed by his strange medley of authorities, for it is one of the oddest features of the book as an historical work that Brompton and Knighton are quoted in the same breath with the Chronicle of William of Malmesbury. In a word, all that historical criticism has gained by the discrimination of authorities is set aside, and we are plunged again into the picturesque muddle of Thierry. Even the authenticity of the impudent forgery which passes under the name of Ingulf is described as merely "disputed," and with this gentle caution his statements are twice used in the book. More modern blunderers have occasionally misled the Dean. Mr. Ferguson must be responsible for the queer statement that "chapter-houses are peculiarly English"; but the late Professor Vaughan claims the discovery of a fact on which Chronicles are strangely silent, that on a king's death "felons were let loose from prison." "The supposed date," says the Dean, "of the release of the soul of a Plantagenet king from purgatory was recorded in the English Chronicles with the same exactitude as any event in his life." "I owe," he adds, in a note, "this reference to Professor Vaughan." The reference is to Wendover, and Wendover's story is simply that Bishop Henry of Rochester, in the course of a sermon, told his hearers an edifying tale of a chaplain's dream, and how he had seen in this dream King Richard and Stephen Langton quit Purgatory "on one and the selfsame day." There is not a word of the date of the day. The chronicler tells it as an edifying bit of a sermon, and we suspect the reader's conclusion will be that the longer Professor Vaughan's unpublished lectures remain unpublished, the better for the fame of Professor Vaughan. But for the most extraordinary among the many extraordinary inaccuracies of this book the Dean himself is, we fear, responsible:—

From the Anglo-Saxon order of the coronation of Egbert was derived the ancient form of the coronations of the Kings of France. Even the promise "not to dispute the throne of the Saxons, Mercians, and Northumbrians" was left unaltered in the inauguration of the Capetian Kings at Rheims.

That English names like these should have been left embedded in the French service, as they undoubtedly were, is odd enough; but that Egbert, King of the West Saxons and conqueror of Mercia and Northumbria, should have sworn "not to dispute the thrones of the Saxons, Mercians, and Northumbrians" is odder still. Dean Stanley gives his reference, however, to Selden; and the text of the prayer, for it was no "promise" at all, as the great antiquary gives it, sets the matter in a somewhat different light. The Church might well pray for its king—"Ut regale solium, videlicet Saxonum, Merciorum, Nordanhymbrorum, sceptrum non deesset, sed ad pristina fidei pacisque concordiam eorum animos

Te opitulante reformet, ut utrorumque horum populorum debita subjectione fultus," &c.; "that he desert not the throne of the Saxons, Mercians, and Northumbrians." It may be that the Dean mistook "deserat" for "deferat," but it is plain that the very slightest recollection of our national history would have saved him from this astounding mistranslation.

In spite, however, of errors like these, which no real admiration of the writer's excellences should prevent us from condemning, and in spite of its original faults of construction, it is impossible not to be interested in many of the pages of this work. Over the tombs and the monuments, indeed, we find ourselves skipping freely, and repeating Horace Walpole's pet quotation,

"Oh, happy man, that shows the tombs," said I;

but Westminster itself, its origin, its constitutional, regal, and religious associations, will never cease to possess a charm peculiar to themselves. Historically, as the Dean has well pointed out, its first re-founding marks the final choice of London as the capital of the realm. When we remember the part which the great city has played in our history, how in every struggle she has been the bulwark of freedom and of law, we can hardly exaggerate the importance of the choice which fixed the palace and the church of the kings beside her walls. The second re-founding under Henry III. marks the triumph of English nationality, English justice, English feeling over the stranger elements of the Norman and the Angevin. The kings became national, and their national character is best expressed in the very position of their tombs:—

Had they been buried far away in some conventual or secluded spot, or had the English nation stood aloof from the English monarchy, it might have been otherwise. The sepulchral chapels built by Henry III. and Henry VII. might have stood alone in their glory; no meaner dust needed ever have mingled with the dust of the Plantagenets, Tudors, Stuarts, and Guelfs. The Kings of France rest almost alone at St. Denys. The Kings of Spain, the Emperors of Austria, the Czars of Russia, rest absolutely alone in the vaults of the Escorial, of Vienna, of Moscow and St. Petersburg. But it has been the peculiar privilege of the Kings of England that neither in life nor in death have they been parted from their people. As the Council of the Nation and the Courts of Law have pressed into the Palace of Westminster and engirdled the very throne itself, so the ashes of the great citizens of England have pressed into the sepulchre of the kings, and surrounded them as with a guard of honour after their death.

THE CUTHITES IN IRELAND.*

THERE is something really refreshing about a book like this. It is a splendid volume, a lavishly illustrated quarto. And it is the work of a sincere enthusiast, honestly devoted to his cause, and perfectly ready to spend and be spent in its behalf. Mr. Keane has, by his own account, travelled five thousand miles in posting-cars; he must, we may add, have paid large sums to his printers and engravers; and all to prove that the round towers were built by the Cuthites. We scratch our heads in a desperate attempt to find out who the Cuthites may be; Mr. Keane not only assumes that they existed, but that everybody knows all about them; they are evidently as familiar to him as Greeks or Romans, Englishmen or Frenchmen, are to other people. During a large part of the book we are left to speculate about these Cuthites with a dim kind of awe. We had always fancied that the Celts, and above all the Irish Celts, were people of a very respectable antiquity. We had always fancied that, if not the earliest inhabitants of the British islands, they were at least the earliest inhabitants who had reached the first glimmerings of civilization. If anybody was here before them, surely they were mere savages, Fins, Samoides, Esquimaux, people who kept up a wretched existence by hunting and fishing, and whose only weapons for hunting and fishing were clumsy tools made of bone and stone. Perhaps this may be all right as concerns the less fortunate island of Great Britain, but in Ireland, at all events, things took a widely different course. There the Celts were a sad falling back from an earlier and better state of things. They seem to have been, at least in architectural matters, the most perverse despisers of the proffered light anywhere recorded. They came as conquerors into a land full of highly-finished and richly-ornamented buildings of stone. But they altogether despised the beautiful structures around them, and obstinately went on building wretched buildings of mud and wattles. The people before them were the Cuthites. According to Mr. Keane, all history unanimously asserts that the Cuthites were a most learned and intellectual people, who made wonderful progress in all arts and, above all, in the art of architecture. To be sure our own historical studies had not so much as told us that there ever were such people as Cuthites at all, but Mr. Keane is so positive about the matter, and knows so much about the Cuthites and their doings, that we feel sure that he must be right. The Cuthites then lived in Ireland before the Celts, and they are the people who built the round towers, and not only the round towers, but also all those buildings which we had, in our darkness, been left to look upon as churches varying in date from the sixth to the twelfth century. They made also all the old crosses, which it is a great mistake to look on as distinctively Christian emblems; in fact they are about as purely heathenish as anything can be. Still, though we had learned so much as to what the Cuthites did, it was only when we had got a long way into the book that we first came across anything to tell us who the Cuthites were. At last we find that these Cuthites, about whom all

* *The Towers and Temples of Ancient Ireland, their Origin and History Discussed from a New Point of View.* By Marcus Keane, M.R.I.A. Dublin: Hodges, Smith, & Co. 1867.

history said so much, but about whom we knew so little, were the children of Ham. They are "noticed by classic authors under the designations of Giants, Titans, Centaurs, Cyclopians, Lapitæ [sic], Phœnicians, Scythians or Scuthi, Hyperboreans, Iberians, Indî, Idæi-Dactyli, Formians [sic], Lanite, Ethiopians, Demons, Cabiri, and Shepherds or Shepherd Kings." "They were the first apostates from the truth, yet great in worldly wisdom. They introduced, wherever they came, many useful arts, and were looked up to as a superior order of beings; hence they were styled Heroes, Demons, Helids, Macarians." They revered their forefather Ham, and worshipped him as the Sun, "and from this worship they were called Amonians." "They ruled the world for many centuries after the Deluge." "Their kingdom was established by the first King of Babylon—Nimrod, Belus, or Elorus." They fought two "Titanic wars," one "for dominion" the other "of extirpation." Both, it seems, are mentioned in the Book of Genesis (capp. xi. xiv.), and the former was "referred to by the ancients as that between the Gods and the Giants, the Greeks and the Centaurs." There was also "the War of the Sexes, the first great commotion," which we commend to the study of those who are interested in the Lingam and the Yoni. From these data Mr. Keane concludes that

The Scythic or Buddhist sect comprised the Shepherd Kings of Egypt, and all those colonists of Southern and Western Europe, whom Bryant denominates Cyclopeans, Phœnicians, Hyperboreans, Titans, etc., including the ancient inhabitants of Ireland; and the religion of their conquerors was that of the Egyptians, to whom a shepherd was an abomination. The same also was the religion of the Hellenes, the Palægi, and the Etruscans.

The end of it all was that

The Cuthites expelled from Babylonia, were banished to Tartarus, that is to say—to the West, to the abyss of the Atlantic Ocean, and the unknown regions beyond. This emigration was probably the first colonization of America, and then also for the first time, Ireland may have been peopled.

The Eastern world was thus deprived of its great lights and was left altogether in a very bad way, while the Cuthites came to Ireland and built the round towers.

For all this stuff we are sent to Bryant, and Faber, and other writers of that kind, whose names everybody knows, but whose books we suppose nobody nowadays except Mr. Keane would think of reading. Another great authority with Mr. Keane is Mr. Hislop's *Two Babylons*, a book with which we had the pleasure of making our readers merry some years back, and the great object of which is to show that the Roman Catholic religion is really the worship of Nimrod and his wife. Mr. Keane has also read Mrs. Hamilton Gray, and, more amazing than all, in the middle of the Cuthites comes, looking very much out of place, a single quotation from Mr. Max Müller's *Science of Language*. Mr. Keane, we need hardly say, is one of that class of writers who cram their text full of quotations from other writers. Thus, though we do not profess to have read Bryant, we fancy that we know pretty well the contents of his book, through reading Mr. Keane. The funniest thing of all is the perfect simplicity with which Mr. Keane swallows everything that Bryant tells him. He evidently believes that "the classical writers" are full of talk about the Cuthites. But it does not appear that he ever thought of turning to a classical writer for himself. All his references, even to the most obvious and every-day writers, are secondhand. He gets at Greek and Latin books only through Bryant and his other false lights. And he deals with mediæval literature in exactly the same way. So familiar an author as Giraldus, an author whom one would expect to find lying on the table of any man who undertook to write about Ireland, is known to Mr. Keane only "as quoted by" somebody or other. For all classical matters he trusts to Bryant; for all Irish matters he trusts to Keating. He innocently tells us that Bryant knew nothing of the Irish writers quoted by Keating. He thinks that most likely Keating knew nothing of the "classical writers" quoted by Bryant. Keating and Bryant are therefore clear from all suspicion of acting in concert. Yet they do practically work together in a wonderful way. Looked at singly, they seem to have nothing to do with one another; only put them together, and they prove incontestably that the Cuthites, expelled from Babylonia, took refuge in Ireland and built the round towers.

Now it is a most praiseworthy thing to go five thousand miles on posting-cars in pursuit of truth. Such a course manifests a deep conviction of the necessity of the open-air part of the antiquary's work. But the in-door part of his work is just as important as the other, and this consists, not in swallowing whole every baseless assertion of wild and fanciful writers, but in comparing what one sees with one's eyes with what one reads in original records. One would hardly have expected to find Mr. Keane familiar with the latest writings on the subject of Irish architecture. But so it is; he not only knows Dr. Petrie, but he is familiar with Mr. Parker's papers in the *Gentleman's Magazine*. Now here comes the hitch. By a most amusing Nemesis, Mr. Parker has become the unwilling cause of Mr. Keane's wildest hallucinations. As we can make out, if Mr. Keane had not read Mr. Parker, he would never have dreamed that all the Romanesque churches in Ireland were built by the Cuthites. Most antiquaries, we need not say, labour under a constant temptation to make out everything as old as they can. No one shows the influence of this temptation more strongly than Mr. Parker himself in his dealings with all matters South of the Alps. But Mr. Parker, North of the Alps, is the victim of an opposite passion. In Gaul, Germany, Britain, and Ireland, it seems to be his special mission to make out everything to be as new as he can. It is

only by a most rare and extreme act of favour that any building in those unenlightened Northern parts can be allowed to be earlier than the twelfth century. Dr. Petrie was the first to show the existence in Ireland of a vast number of Christian buildings, churches and bell-towers—the latter happening to be round, as bell-towers sometimes are elsewhere—which he assigned to dates ranging from the sixth century onwards. No doubt Dr. Petrie ante-dated a great many of them. But there is not the least need to rush, with Mr. Parker, into the opposite extreme. As Mr. Parker, on the strength of a misunderstood passage of Gervase, denies the possibility of chiselled sculpture earlier than the later days of the twelfth century, so, on the strength of a misunderstood passage of Saint Bernard's Life of Saint Malachy, he refers the early Irish buildings in a mass to the same date. According to Mr. Parker, the Irish Celts altogether eschewed, and from some mysterious reason abhorred, building in stone. His inference is that all their buildings must be later than the English conquest of Ireland, or at any rate later than the extension to Ireland of English artistic influence. Mr. Keane accepts Mr. Parker's supposed fact with as admirable a docility as if he had found it in Bryant. But he revolts from the doctrine that everything must be of the twelfth century or later. The buildings, says Mr. Parker, cannot belong to the Celts, because they are built of stone. Therefore, argues Mr. Parker, they belong to a people later than the Celts, namely the Norman or English invaders of the twelfth century. No, says Mr. Keane, they cannot be built by the Celts; therefore they are built by a people earlier than the Celts; they are the works, not of Normans or Englishmen in days which are comparatively as yesterday, but of primæval heathen Cuthites, thousands of years back. The excellent quality of the Irish stone abundantly accounts for their preservation during so many ages.

This is one of the finest cases of reaction on record. It is seemingly all owing to Mr. Parker that Mr. Keane attributes this amazing antiquity, not only to the primitive Irish churches, but to Cormac's chapel at Cashel, a distinctively Norman building, of recorded date in the twelfth century. But a little study of the genuine monuments of Irish history would soon set both of them right. Mr. Parker's theory is based on a story that Saint Malachy replaced a wooden church with a stone one of much greater magnificence. The people cried out at him for the needless splendour of the church, much as Saint Wulfstan repented of the splendour, or perhaps of the size, of his own building at Worcester. But there is nothing to show that stone building was unknown. And, if Saint Bernard really said so, it would be easy to refute Saint Bernard by much better authority. The genuine Irish chronicles, the Ulster Annals and those of Tigernach, the latter at all events contemporary, repeatedly speak of "stone churches" in the eleventh century, and in no way imply that the churches spoken of were new at the time. The expression no doubt proves that there also were wooden churches, possibly that the wooden churches were the majority; but it also proves that stone buildings were perfectly well known in Ireland in the eleventh century, and there is nothing to show that they may not have been equally well known for many ages before. We have, as we have before said, no doubt that many of Dr. Petrie's examples are of later date than he thought them, but we have just as little doubt that a large number are neither Norman nor Cuthite, but examples of genuine native Irish work, of various dates from the sixth century to the eleventh.

One point more, which we commend to the Comparative Mythologists. Wild as are the speculations of Mr. Keane and writers of the same class, it is quite certain that they get together a great many curious facts and coincidences, of which they make a wrong use, but of which more critical scholars might make a right one. Nothing, for instance, can be wilder than Mr. Keane's notion that the ancient sculptured crosses of Ireland are anything but Christian emblems, but he brings together quite enough instances to show that there are times and places where the cross has been used as an emblem, and certainly not as a Christian emblem. This instance is one out of many. All those Buddhist observances which look so like a mockery of Christianity, especially in its Roman Catholic form, would come under the same head. Writers like Mr. Keane of course never explain these things philosophically, but there are men among us who probably can.

JAMES FERGUSON.*

IT is not often that we meet with a volume of memoirs less artistic in shape or less inviting to the general reader than the biography of James Ferguson now before us. Instead of a single and connected narrative, we are presented first with a short account of his career penned by Ferguson himself. But in the task of skimming this the eye has perpetually to travel downwards to a running supplement or commentary of at least equal bulk in smaller type at the foot of the page; and finally, besides this kind of Gemara to the original text, we have to make our way through the "Extended Memoir," which consists of a series of unconnected extracts, anecdotes, and jottings loosely held together by a mere chronological thread. Upon the reader, in consequence, devolves the task of digesting into order and system all this crude and incoherent mass of matter. After we have got a very fair idea of the character and doings of the man from his own simple but expressive language, we have to dovetail into our recollection

* *Life of James Ferguson, F.R.S.* By R. Henderson, LL.D. Edinburgh, London, and Glasgow: A. Fullarton & Co. 1867.

tion a number of new facts or notices with which the main bulk of the book is made up. It is a perpetual difficulty to make out whether we are dealing with some new incident, invention, or publication, or simply going for the third time over the same well-trodden ground. Still there is interest enough connected with the subject of these imperfect memoirs for the record at large to form an emphatic chapter in what we have been used of late to call the history of self-help.

The career of James Ferguson is an illustration of what may be done in the world, with no adventitious aids of any kind at the outset, by dint of sheer natural ability and vigour. He was born in a poor cot at the Core of Mayen, a small village in Banffshire, April the 20th, 1710. His father had nothing to support a large family beyond the proceeds of a few acres of land which he rented. Yet he found time to teach his children to read and write, and it was while hearing his elder brother read the Scotch catechism that little Jamie surprised his father by picking up his letters. A few lessons from an old dame, with casual instruction from his father, and three months at the Grammar school at Keith, were all the education the lad ever received. His taste for mechanics was first elicited as early as the age of seven or eight years, by seeing his father raise the sunken roof of the cottage by means of a long pole for a lever and an upright spar as a prop. The editor cannot let slip this opportunity without appending a long and tedious note, in which he goes into the principles of the lever in general, and the exact weight in pounds to be raised in this case in particular. This is only one instance of the way in which we are bored from beginning to end of the book. From making levers—or, as he called them, bars—the boy proceeded to the construction of wheels and axles, whereupon we must needs get another bit of prosy comment. Young Ferguson's plain statement, that he wrote out an account of these simple machines or playthings, cannot be suffered to pass without an elaborate dissertation as to the earliest age at which it might be possible for a treatise of the kind to be composed by a boy. Being too young and weak for hard labour, he was "put out" to a neighbour for some years, to keep sheep. If he tells us that his leisure by day during this period was employed in making models of mills, spinning-wheels, and such like things as he happened to see, down comes the editor with the inevitable note, "There were and are still several mills near Keith. And, since spinning on the spinning-wheel was practised by females in almost every house and cot, not only in and around Keith, but over all Scotland, and since every spinning-wheel would have its reel"—this sage remark is italicized, we presume as a mark of amazement at its profundity—"no doubt reels would be among the models he fashioned with his whittle or knife upon the bleak hill-sides." Classical readers will derive from this sort of accompaniment an uneasy recollection of that inveterate nuisance, "the scholiast." We feel infinite pity at seeing poor Ferguson's simple and straightforward memoirs clouded over in this way. Happily his own cast of mind and temperament was free from pedantic or artificial overshadowings. There was a healthy vigour even about his immature powers which led him to the study of nature. To the surprise of the farmer whom he served at the age of fourteen, he was observed, when his work was done, to lie down on his back in a field with a blanket around him, and by means of a thread of small beads, held out at arm's length, to take measurements of the stars. In this way he drew up a star map. His master, who laughed at him at first, was so struck by this that he ended by working for the lad himself, and let him sit by at threshing-time with pen, ruler, and compasses in hand. A sensible minister of the neighbourhood next took him up, and a Mr. Cantley, a butler of wonderful intelligence and accomplishments, who painted sundials, opened to him the mystery of dialling, together with decimal arithmetic and algebra. A parting present from this friend, *Gordon's Geographical Grammar*, enabled the youth in three weeks' time to turn out a terrestrial globe. At about twenty-two he was beguiled into taking service with a physician, in the hope of picking up some notions of that profession, but got nothing but broken health from overwork. During illness he filled up his leisure by making a wooden clock, which struck the hours upon the neck of a broken bottle. From a watch which he happened to have an opportunity of examining he got his first notion of a time-keeper going otherwise than by a weight and line, with his first hints as to the nature and working of spiral springs. On this he constructed a watch with wooden wheels and a spring of whale-bone, which, however, failed owing to a want of power in the wheel to bear the balance. A clumsy neighbour, looking at this machine, let it fall, and, trying to pick it up, crushed it to pieces, which so provoked Ferguson's father that he could hardly be restrained from giving the man a good beating. At the house of an early patron, Sir James Dunbar of Durn, Ferguson picked up a firm friend and patroness, Lady Dipple, in whose service he developed an aptitude for drawing patterns and designs for needlework, and also for portrait-painting, which supplied him with a kind of profession and moderate means of support for six-and-twenty years. From what we gather of these limnings, they seem to have been chiefly outlines in Indian ink. A list of several of them still extant is given by the editor, and they are spoken of as exhibiting considerable artistic skill, besides being accurate likenesses.

After two years' study of surgery and physic at Edinburgh, Ferguson seriously thought of setting up practice in the neighbourhood of his birthplace, but, meeting with little success, turned his thoughts to his favourite subject of astronomy. It was

especially in the mechanical part of this science that his peculiar talents found employment. His first contrivance of any mark was the Astronomical Rotula, an elaborate scheme engraved on copper for showing the motions of the sun and moon in the ecliptic every day in the year, with their eclipses, and the planetary distances and motions. This was in the year 1740. The change of style in the year 1752 drove the Rotula out of use. Meanwhile the attention of Maclaurin, the eminent mathematician, was drawn to the work, and, under his advice, Ferguson proceeded to construct the earliest of his orreries, through the making of which he subsequently became most generally known to the public. In 1743 he brought one of these instruments to London. Here he at once made an impression by his demonstration of what seemed to most people, and still seems at first sight to many, a paradox in the moon's motion—viz. its describing a path not serpentine or looped or cusped at intervals, but always concave towards the sun. A simple instrument for the proof and illustration of this phenomenon, called *trajektorium lunare*, was shown by him before the Royal Society in 1744. Though not new to astronomers, the idea seems to have occurred quite independently to Ferguson, and it shows the natural keenness and activity of his mind. A dissertation on the Harvest Moon, with sundry tracts and lectures upon scientific subjects, was published by him in 1747, and he was emboldened by this first success to read lectures upon the memorable eclipse of the sun that occurred on the 14th of July in the following year. His favourite machine, the *eclipse-reon*, for showing the time, range, duration, and progress of solar eclipses at all parts of the earth, was made about the year 1753. It is to be regretted that this ingenious contrivance, after frequently changing ownership, is not now to be traced. His next best device, in his own estimate, was a universal dialling cylinder, which was figured and explained in the Supplement to his Mechanical Lectures, published in 1767. Ferguson's brief autobiography leaves him in the year 1773, when he had been thirty years in London, in a position of much social honour and respect, had been elected a Fellow of the Royal Society, and was in receipt of 50*l.* a year from the privy purse. The "Extended Memoir" gives ampler details and illustrations of his various mechanical contrivances, which are remarkable for their practical grasp of natural principles, as well as for their simplicity and precision of movement. In his large orrery, in particular, an amount of arithmetical skill is shown in getting the number of wheel teeth for his lunar train which is truly surprising, seeing that the application of continuous fractions to determining ratios for wheel-work was not known until some years after that date. The editor's practical knowledge of the subject has enabled him to supply some valuable corrections on points where Ferguson's method was defective, or where more recent observations have modified the astronomical elements on which his calculations rested. His astronomical clock made for the illustration of his lectures in 1747 was scarcely inferior in point of arrangement, though its accuracy was affected by the same causes of error as the orrery in question. The moon's period came out too slow by fully fifty-seven seconds, which in several lunations would amount to a serious quantity. The oddest thing in the book is the account of the Mechanical Paradox contrived to dumbfound a noisy watchmaker who would not believe in the doctrine of the Trinity. The principle of this machine is not easy to be made clear, even by the aid of the diagram. Three wheels are set in a straight row in a framework which turns round an axis passing through the centre of one wheel. This wheel, which is immovably fixed in the frame, works by means of teeth into the second, a trebly-thick wheel, which in turn works into the third wheel, or rather composite set of three equal thin wheels or discs loose from each other, and free to move round a common axis. The frame being made to rotate, it appears that of the three thin discs which make up the third or compound wheel, one will revolve the same way as the fixed wheel, and another the reverse way to it, while the third will revolve neither way at all. This seemingly extraordinary problem, which the sceptical watchmaker fairly gave up "with some hearty curses," but we fear without conversion, clearly depends upon the ratio of the number of teeth in the first or fixed wheel and in the respective discs of which the third wheel is made up. Ferguson, we are told, was of a serious turn of mind, and, like many cultivators of science, muddled himself at times with the attempt to turn the results of his studies to the solution of theological questions. We need hardly say that amongst those problems was the Number of the Beast, in which he was as successful as most men of average imagination and a turn for figures generally are in fitting the Hebrew, Greek, or Latin numerals to any given name, title, or phrase. Of certain papers upon *Light before the Creation of the Sun* and upon the *Sun Dial of Ahaz* no trace has been found. A rambling dissertation upon the *Birth and Crucifixion of Christ*, wherein the Christian era is determined to the writer's satisfaction out of the prophecies of Daniel, is reproduced in the present volume. The work on which his reputation may be more solidly based is his *Astronomy Explained* upon Sir Isaac Newton's Principles, published in 1756. This treatise at once took a high position, and for a great many years superseded all other manuals of astronomy in this country. It has passed through manifold editions, and has been translated into several languages. Its estimation is still kept up by the aid of Sir David Brewster's editorial care and supplementary matter. The list of Ferguson's minor publications, tracts, and mechanical inventions is inexhaustible. Among the most prominent of them

are papers on the tides, on the blending and combining of colours in relation to the solar spectrum, on electricity, on the velocities of falling bodies, and the pressure of the atmosphere. Of his mechanical apparatus, besides those we have mentioned, the most deserving notice are a pyrometer, a tide register, a universal dial, air-pumps and hydraulic engines of divers kinds a "whirling table" for illustrating the laws of gravitation and planetary motion, and a new kind of safety crane with four different powers. The whole bent of Ferguson's talent, it may be remarked, was of a practical or experimental rather than of a scientific kind. Of purely scientific methods and processes he had hardly the faintest conception. Dr. Hutton, to whom he showed a diagram of some ingenuity for dividing the area of a circle into any number of equal parts, was surprised to find, on suggesting a simpler method of his own, that Ferguson's only way of testing it was by the application of rule and compass. Of geometrical reasoning or proof he had no idea, and confessed that he had never understood the demonstration of a single proposition of Euclid. He left, indeed, behind him diagrams whereby he had satisfied himself of the truth of the 47th proposition of the first book—namely, by means of dividing into triangles and subordinate squares respectively the squares described upon the hypotenuse and sides of the right-angled triangle. He kept by him a card cut in this fashion into sections, for the satisfaction of himself and his friends. He seems to have been by no means proof against the mania prevalent at that time for the discovery of the perpetual motion. Besides notices of some of the most prominent absurdities of that kind he has left a drawing of a scheme of his own, designating it the "most rational scheme" for that object, which, however, he winds up by styling "downright nonsense."

Of Ferguson himself we have far less in this volume than of his writings and inventions, and our conception of his character and habits of mind remains somewhat indistinct. In his domestic life he had to undergo a good deal of trouble. He married, at the age of twenty-nine, a delicate, though apparently a devoted and accomplished wife, who died of consumption in 1773. One of his sons caused him much grief by dissipation. His only daughter, Agnes, a girl of great beauty and accomplishments, was inveigled away at the age of eighteen, by a dissolute nobleman who had attended her father's lectures, led a precarious life for a while on the stage, and eventually on the streets, and died in misery in 1792, without making herself known to her parents or friends. Ferguson himself died in 1776, leaving a few thousand pounds, and a miscellaneous collection of books and apparatus which have gradually been dispersed. Neither of his surviving sons appears to have left offspring.

MR. MAX MÜLLER'S ESSAYS.*

WE prefer to introduce Professor Müller's Essays by a title which in some degree describes their nature, rather than by the strange name which he has chosen to give to his book. A collection of treatises so grave and important both in matter and manner should surely have been labelled in some way more worthy of themselves. And yet, after all, there is a certain appropriateness in the name. They are "chips." The pieces here collected are mere fragments, mere chippings and filings. Professor Müller is constantly starting ideas, putting his readers upon scents, and then drawing back when he has guided them only a very little way. In going through these volumes, we are set thinking about a vast number of subjects, but we are fully satisfied with none. We come to the end of each paper with a very distinct feeling of asking for more. Now something of this sort is inherent in every collection of detached essays, papers, or lectures. But we have felt it more strongly in the case of Professor Müller's collection than in any other. This strikes us as arising from two causes—the nature of Professor Müller's subjects and the extreme shortness of most of the pieces. A Quarterly article on some branch of some subject which is more or less generally familiar may easily do justice to that particular branch, and may, in some cases, even exhaust the whole subject. A good and full article of this sort may really say all that is to be said about some particular character or some particular event. But a short newspaper criticism cannot do thus much. All it can do is to give some notion of the book criticized, and to throw out some further hints for reflection on the subject of the book. Such a criticism may be worth preserving when the book reviewed is one of general and permanent interest. And such a criticism of a purely technical book may also be worth preserving in its original shape for the benefit of technical readers. But for those who are interested in a subject but not specially devoted to it, the review of a book which they are not likely to have read is not a very attractive shape for instruction to put on. Its very object is to awaken inquiry rather than to satisfy it. Now the greater part of Professor Müller's Essays are short newspaper criticisms of this kind, some of them—as he tells the fact to the world, we need not conceal it—reprinted from our own columns. The greater number, however, appear to be from the *Times*, but the place where they appeared is of little consequence, as their general character is unavoidably the same. They are rendered still more fragmentary by the abstruse, unfamiliar, and novel character of most of their subjects. The books reviewed in the first volume are almost all books which none but professed Oriental

scholars are likely to read. But Professor Müller's collection of Essays, gathered together in their present form, are clearly not meant for professed Oriental scholars only, but for intelligent readers of all kinds. Such a reader most likely knows very little about the Veda or about Buddhism. He does not care to devote himself to the profound study of either, but he would be well pleased to get a general outline of the subject into his head. If a special follower of either Hellenic or Teutonic studies, he will probably feel no call to master Indian or Persian matters in detail; but he will wish to know the exact relation in which the languages and the religions of India and Persia stand to those among their fellow Aryans in whom he is more immediately interested. Such a one is delighted to accept Professor Müller as his guide; he begins to read with thorough admiration; he reads just far enough to get deeply interested; he learns just enough to wish earnestly to learn more; and then his guide suddenly breaks off and leaves him. We never got up from reading anything with a more distinct feeling of wanting more than from what we think on the whole the most interesting piece in the volume, that on Semitic Monotheism. Or again, there is that on Genesis and the Zendavesta. Have any elements from Genesis got into the Avesta, or have any elements from the Avesta got into Genesis? Few questions can be more profoundly interesting; but just when we have got thoroughly warmed to the subject, just when we want to know what Professor Müller really thinks about it, we are dismissed with what to most readers will be the very unsatisfactory conclusion that Dr. Spiegel has treated the subject in an unbusinesslike way. And besides this disappointing and fragmentary character, inseparable from any collection of short Essays of this kind, another characteristic arises from the abstruse and unfamiliar nature of his subject. Professor Müller, when treating of an Indian or Persian subject, cannot assume that sort of general knowledge in his readers which he could if he were dealing with a Greek or an Italian subject. Writing in different papers, or in the same paper at considerable intervals, he must, if he would avoid the chance of being misunderstood, explain his first principles over and over again. This is no fault at all in the papers themselves in their original detached shape, but it becomes a little wearisome when they are gathered together in one volume. Thus we have several times in the first volume substantially the same account of the relation of the Aryan tongues to one another, substantially the same account of the difficulty of expressing Sanscrit words in the picture-alphabet of China; exactly the same religious statistics of the world are printed three times over, and in pp. 257 and 292 we have, word for word, the same account of the origin of Buddhism and its introduction into China. We cannot help thinking that Professor Müller would have judged better had he, instead of reprinting these fugitive pieces as they originally appeared, thrown their matter into a few longer essays. We can conceive few volumes more fascinating than one giving his views of what he calls "the Science of Religion," cast into somewhat of the same shape as his Lecture on the Science of Language, or his well-known Oxford Essay on Comparative Mythology which he here reprints in his second volume.

The Essays in the first volume all deal with what Professor Müller calls the Science of Religion, and, with the exception of the one headed "Popol Vuh," which has to do with the old inhabitants of Central America, all deal with the religions of Asia. One Essay is headed "The Works of Confucius." This is perhaps the least satisfying in the volume. When we have got just far enough to wish to know what the doctrines of Confucius are, we read, after a splendid panegyric from the pen of the philosopher's grandson:—

This is certainly very magnificent phraseology, but it will hardly convey any definite impression to the minds of those who are not acquainted with the life and teachings of the great Chinese sage. These may be studied now by all who can care for the history of human thought, in the excellent work of Dr. Legge. . . . We must here confine ourselves to giving a few of the sage's sayings, selected from thousands that are to be found in the Confucian Analects.

But many people who do care for the history of human thought will feel no call to study the excellent work of Dr. Legge, though they would have been delighted to receive a summary of the Confucian doctrines from the hands of Professor Müller. Of the other subjects dealt with, as the Veda, the Avesta, the origin of Buddhism, though we should like to know something more, we do learn enough to form something like an idea. We carry away a distinct conception of the genuine Veda as perhaps the oldest book in the world, as the earliest monument of Aryan language and Aryan religion. We are fully enabled to take in its position as the great witness of that earlier state of thought and language out of which, according to Professor Müller's theory, all the later Aryan mythology grew. We also recognise the position of the religions of Zoroaster and Buddha as protests against the later forms which the Indian religion had begun to assume. We find a clear description of the modern Parsees, the representatives of the old Iranian faith. Their position is a very singular one. To most of them the language of their ancient books is utterly unintelligible; they repeat prayers of which they do not understand a word, and perform various strange and sometimes disgusting ceremonies, against which a Liberal or Protestant party is rising up to protest. But they teach a very good morality, and a creed which has been pretty well reduced to pure theism. The modern Zoroastrians certainly do not put the evil principle on a level with the good. Neither do

* Chips from a German Workshop. By Max Müller, M.A. Vol. I. Essays on the Science of Religion. Vol. II. Essays on Mythology, Traditions, and Customs. London: Longmans & Co. 1867.

they, as they are slanderously reported, worship fire, though they certainly have a feeling, which we may call a superstitious feeling, about it. Most Parsees would be unwilling to put out a fire or light of any kind. The resistance which this monotheistic system offers to the rival monotheistic systems of Mahometanism and Christianity is very obstinate. The Parsee, believing firmly in his own sinfulness and in the divine mercy, is specially repelled from Christianity by the doctrine of mediation or atonement. As for Mahometanism, while it is a clear advance upon every idolatrous faith, it is not clear that it is any advance at all over such a theism as the Parsee religion has now become. A Parsee who embraced Islam would undoubtedly learn to accept Jesus as a prophet, along with Moses and Mahomet, but he would be as far as before from recognising him as a Saviour.

The faith of Zoroaster comes more home to us than that of Buddha, as being the faith of an Aryan people who played a real part in the history of the world. Yet the faith of Buddha is in itself a greater phenomenon. An Aryan reform of an Aryan religion, it has become, in one shape or another, the distinctive faith of the great mass of the Turanian nations. Expelled from its native country, its sacred books have been translated into various Turanian languages, and it now numbers more votaries than any other creed on earth. Professor Müller fully believes in the historical existence of Buddha, and the accounts both of Buddha himself, and perhaps still more of the Buddhist pilgrims from China in later times, are deeply interesting. Certainly no phenomenon can be stranger than a system whose morality is of the purest kind, whose religious practices seem almost identical with those of Roman Catholic Christianity, but which has no conception of any personal Deity, and which promises annihilation instead of paradise. No doubt, as Professor Müller tells us, popular Buddhism is very different from theoretical Buddhism. But how did the Buddhist theory obtain such wonderful vogue at its first preaching? Because, as preached by Buddha himself, it appeared to them much more as a social than as a theological reform. The great attraction was that it broke the fetters of caste. We could wish that, in dealing with this subject, Professor Müller had told us a little more about the struggle between Brahmanism and Buddhism in India itself, and the final triumphs of the elder faith. Professor Müller's attention is wholly given to the history of Buddhism beyond the limits of India.

But to most readers the most attractive essay will be that on Semitic Monotheism. Professor Müller is here arguing against M. Renan's notion of a monotheistic "instinct" in the Semitic, and a polytheistic "instinct" in the Aryan nations. He altogether casts away the notion of any such "instincts," and maintains that M. Renan's use of the word "instinct" is altogether indefensible. Professor Müller maintains that monotheism strictly so called, monotheism as a controversial dogma, monotheism as embodied in the great formulae, "There is but one God," "There is no god but God," is essentially later than the polytheism which it protests against. Not that polytheism is the earliest form of religion. The earliest religious feeling is that of dependence on a divine power without as yet any conscious feeling as to number at all. Monotheism, in that distinct sense in which Judaism, Christianity, and Islam are monotheistic, Professor Müller boldly maintains to have been matter of special revelation to the patriarch Abraham. He explains, however, that he does not use the word "revelation" in any technical theological sense, but understands by it only a divine influence on the human mind such as every believer is capable of. He goes on to show that the Semitic nations were no more monotheistic than the Aryans, how Abraham's family had idols to put away, how gradually it was that the monotheistic idea took possession of the Hebrew mind, how constant were the relapses into polytheism, and how the language constantly used in the Jewish Scriptures, asserting the superiority of Jehovah over all other gods is, when we come fairly to reflect upon it, something very different from what any Christian or Mahometan would use now. It will seem, even from this short summary, that in this Essay Professor Müller, to say the very least, opens a variety of questions of the very deepest interest to every reader of Scripture.

We reserve for another notice the Essays contained in the second volume, together with some general remarks on Professor Müller's style and general treatment of his subject. At present we wish to call attention to one distinguishing characteristic of his way of treating the particular class of subjects dealt with in his first volume. There is in his treatment a remarkable union of earnestness with tolerance. He does not look on the great questions with which he has to deal as mere matters of cold curiosity, nor does he at all shrink from showing that he has distinct convictions of his own. But no man was ever further from misrepresenting or depreciating any other system. He does full justice to everything that is good and true in each of the systems which he comes across. Indeed he more than does justice to it. He evidently takes a hearty delight in tracing out the original elements of truth in each system, and showing how later changes commonly corrupted them. This is the spirit in which all theologians should approach all theological questions, but it is exactly the spirit in which they hardly ever are approached.

In a word, Professor Müller's Essays are, in point of matter, among the most striking and suggestive compositions that it could be possible to point to on their own subjects. We only wish that their matter had come before us in a somewhat different form.

(To be continued.)

LAS CASAS.*

WE do not feel quite clear as to the authorship of this volume, and therefore quote a sentence from the preface, from which our readers may infer for themselves what share of the credit is to be placed to the account of Mr. Arthur Helps, and what share to the account of his son. "The greater part of the subject-matter for this life," says Mr. Helps, "is to be found in my *Spanish Conquest in America*, but I am indebted to my son, Edmund Arthur Helps, for having utilized and added to it, with my assistance, in the preparation of the present biographical narrative." However the labour may have been distributed, the task is a difficult one, and has, on the whole, been agreeably performed. A thoroughly good biography is one of the rarities of literature, and for tolerably obvious reasons. In the case of a person just dead, we know too well the ordinary memoir—the huge masses of undigested correspondence, absurd adulation of the victim, and wearisome detail about trifles. The biographer fails in his portraiture, both because his eye is placed so near to his object that the perspective is hopelessly distorted, and because he is, as a rule, under the influence of strong partiality. Even when, as in the case before us, the hero of the story is at a satisfactory distance from his biographer, we seldom avoid the latter of these disturbing causes. After painfully disinterring all that is known about a man who has been dead for more than three hundred years, there is a strong temptation to prove that he was worth the trouble. There is a suppressed syllogism in the mind of the narrator, inferring somehow that a man must have been wonderfully good and great and admirable who has deserved such a restorer of his fame. Mr. Helps, we should say, has avoided this common danger very fairly; for, although he has a very high estimate of the value of Las Casas's labours and the dignity of his character, he points out his weaknesses with candour. There are, however, some other difficulties from which we cannot say that he has so successfully escaped. According to Mr. Helps, "large portions of history cannot be written, or at least cannot be understood, without the narrative of his (Las Casas's) deeds and efforts being made one of the principal threads upon which the history is strung." But this is not a sufficient justification for cutting the biography out of the history. When a man's life is involved in a complicated series of public affairs, there is a great difficulty in dealing with it separately. The writer must either launch out into wider disquisitions, and then his hero ceases to be the principal figure, and he is merely writing history under an awkward pretence of biography; or, if he prefers to stick to the biography proper, it is apt to become disjointed and partially unintelligible. There are very few men who have been so uniformly identified with any considerable series of events that their personality becomes a centre round which the history may be conveniently arranged. It is so perhaps with men of the highest order, with the Cæsars and Alexanders whose personal history is at the same time the history of the world; and there is a lower order of men who occupy a similar position in regard to some smaller department of human affairs. The life of Nelson, for example, is a convenient centre for one period of naval warfare; but in most such biographies we are conscious of an unpleasant distraction caused by the refusal of the biographical and historical element to coalesce. This is very much the case with the present work. Mr. Helps scarcely succeeds in bringing out his hero's personal character sufficiently to make the story interesting as the sketch of the development of a great man; and although Las Casas's labours were directed with singular consistency to one purpose, their record involves a series of flying glimpses of Spain and different parts of Spanish America which are wanting in the necessary unity of interest. The general impression is left that Las Casas was a man of singular elevation of character; but we are scarcely made to feel either his wisdom or his perseverance quite so distinctly as Mr. Helps would have us.

This is partly owing to another difficulty of his task. A great part of Las Casas's energy was devoted to overcoming the inertia of the Government produced either by the red-tape of the day or by the direct interest of official persons in scandalous abuses. Now it is very difficult to make a struggle with Circumlocution Offices as interesting as the conversion of cannibals. Mr. Helps, indeed, remarks, with great truth if not much originality, on the "rarity of perseverance in a good cause." To labour in spite of a constant shower of cold water from all persons concerned, and to carry on such a battle for many years in spite of ever-recurring failure, is as great a test of a certain kind of heroism as can be imagined. To force reforms upon a reluctant or indifferent Government, especially so despotic a Government as that of Spain, is far harder than to encounter a stout sharp martyrdom of the picturesque kind. It is also more difficult to bring the story effectively before us, except at the price of making the narrative as dull as the original proceeding. In his controversy with Sepúlveda, Las Casas read before the Junta a treatise which occupied five consecutive days, and after a summing up of the arguments on both sides, Sepúlveda again put in twelve objections, to which Las Casas made twelve replies. As Mr. Helps remarks, it was impossible to give a full account of the controversy within the limits of his work; anything like liveliness in the narrator is apt to be extinguished by the tumbling out of such a torrent of argumenta-

* *Life of Las Casas, "the Apostle of the Indies."* By Arthur Helps. London: Bell & Daldy. 1868.

tion upon his head. Mr. Helps avoids tiring us, by cutting the disputation very short; but then he also fails to give any very graphic picture of the parties to the discussion. A brief analysis may occasionally be as dull, as far as it goes, as the most detailed narrative.

The parts of Las Casas's career which give the best chance for the biographer are his more romantic attempts to do good to the unlucky Indians within their own territories. Two anecdotes, given upon his authority, are enough to show the evils against which he nobly protested. The first expedition in which he took part had for its object the pacification of Cuba. Everything went well for a time, and certain chiefs were persuaded by good treatment to submit quietly. Presently the Spaniards reached a village, round which the natives gathered in crowds, "chiefly to see the horses." Five hundred of them were preparing food for the Spaniards in a separate hut. Suddenly a Spaniard, "prompted, as was thought, by the devil" (which seems to be a reasonable hypothesis) drew his sword. Instantly his companions set to work and, without the smallest provocation, slaughtered the helpless Indians right and left. Heaps of bodies of men, women, and children were piled up "like sheaves of corn," and not the smallest reason could ever be given for the massacre. This transaction, as Mr. Helps mildly remarks, "shows the conduct of the Spaniards towards the Indians in a most unfavourable light." On another occasion, one Juan Bono landed with fifty or sixty men in the island of Trinidad. The natives received him very kindly, and built a big house for himself and his men. Juan Bono then collected four hundred of them in the building "to see what was to be done." Having put his men round it with drawn swords, he entered the building, and ordered his guests to keep still, or he would kill them. They made a rush at the door. Some of them were caught and bound. Others escaped to another hut, and caught up their arms. Bono set fire to the house, burning in it 100 men together with some women, and sailed off with his prisoners. He told Las Casas the story himself. Mr. Helps is convinced that after seeing such things even St. Paul would not have been "always temperate in his language and courtly in his demeanour." This is a tolerably safe conjecture. Las Casas's plans for bringing some help to the victims of such diabolical oppression were well meant; probably no plans could have been very effectual. His emigration scheme had to be accommodated to the necessity of making it pay. The awkward question was asked, where is the profit to the King? After many disappointments, Las Casas was at last allowed to take fifty companions, who were to colonize the mainland and civilize the natives, on condition of paying a tribute. He apparently hoped that these colonists would ultimately be formed into a religious fraternity. Unluckily, when they got to America they preferred joining with "certain freebooters," whose occupation it was "to attack and pillage the Indians." Las Casas then made another arrangement with the authorities at St. Domingo. He was to be furnished with men to found a settlement, and, as an inducement, they were to make slaves of any tribes whom he should himself decide to be cannibals, or obstinately set against the Faith. He says that he would have taken good care never to give this decision against any tribes. However, his assistants naturally took to pillaging on their own account, without waiting for his decisions. Las Casas was therefore obliged to go on alone to a small monastery already founded in the scene of his labours. At the request of the monks, he almost immediately returned to seek for further assistance, and he had scarcely gone when the natives fell upon the monastery and destroyed it. This was the end of the colonization scheme, and he retired into another monastery in disgust for eight years. Now, in spite of the reverential tone in which Mr. Helps ventures to point out one or two shortcomings in Las Casas's scheme, it is impossible to see in this story any great proof of wisdom. If he had been able to bring a religious fraternity with him, animated by genuine zeal, he might have succeeded in doing what the Jesuits afterwards did in Paraguay. But in yielding, as it was difficult not to yield, to take as companions persons of exactly the class from which Juan Bono and his like were recruited, he prepared inevitable failure. To oppose a general corruption it is necessary to call in the aid of special enthusiasm. To fight the devil with an army of his own followers is only to invite desertion. It is to the same necessity of accommodating himself to the current of the time that the great blot upon his wisdom, though not upon his honesty, is due—the proposal, namely, to introduce a negro slave-trade. It is true that Las Casas meant in all sincerity to spare the natives of America; and there is no doubt of the truth of his own statement that he made the proposal, "not considering the injustice with which the Portuguese take them (the negroes) and make them slaves." But, then, that is exactly what a statesman ought to have considered. The negro slave-trade had already begun, and Mr. Helps is of opinion that Las Casas's suggestions, so far as they were adopted, rather limited than augmented the importation. It would be unjust, therefore, to put upon him any of the blame of the subsequent atrocities, as indeed no one thinks of doing. But it is impossible not to see in the story another illustration of the truth that most virtuous and amiable men will sometimes, in pure innocence of heart, make the most atrocious suggestions.

The missionary enterprise of Las Casas in the later part of his life was more successful. By putting the doctrines of the Church into verse in the Quiché language, and getting certain native merchants to sing this form in Tuzulutlan, they excited considerable

curiosity in that previously intractable country. A cacique in Tuzulutlan asked them to come and see him, and his tribe appears to have been converted to Christianity. It was a great improvement on the massacre-system, from which the district had been preserved by the inaccessibility of their country, and so far there was a clear gain. Christendom was larger by Tuzulutlan. Las Casas himself, however, had soon to desert this field of labour, on a mission to Spain, principally with a view to the protection of his new converts. He afterwards had great difficulties with the colonists, who politely call him "Devil" and "Antichrist," and suffered the reproach which comes to all honest protestors against the prevalent iniquities of their time. That Las Casas consistently employed a long life in vindicating the rights of the wretched victims of brutal oppression, in spite of all opposition and disfavour in high places, is itself a noble distinction; and, if we cannot quite agree in Mr. Helps's estimate of his statesmanlike abilities, he was certainly a man of whose motives and self-denying devotion it is impossible to speak without reverence. Only we have scarcely the materials for that familiarity with the details of his life and character which alone can make it worth while to treat his biography apart from the general history of the times. Consequently Mr. Helps's narrative, though pleasant and clear, is unable to stand by itself as a very attractive book.

THROUGH SPAIN TO THE SAHARA.*

ALLITERATIVE titles are often deceptive, and this one hardly does justice either to the book or its readers. It chalks out a hackneyed route, and it gives no hint of, perhaps, the freshest matter in the volume—an interesting account of visits paid to a reformatory and an orphanage before leaving France. It is hardly fair to the reader, because, unpretending as it is, it does not prepare him for the extreme rapidity of the journey and the unfrequency of the halts. "Skips through Spain to the Sahara" would still have preserved alliteration, and been a better index to the contents. Even an American travelling against time could with difficulty reconcile it to his conscience to shoot past Valladolid on his way from Burgos to the capital, or to leave Madrid itself without a visit to the Escorial. It is inexplicable that travellers who made Moorish remains and Spanish paintings the professed objects of their journey, should turn aside at Cordova, when an hour or two of rail would have landed them at Seville, with its Alcázar and Giralda and gallery of Murillos. Of course if you wish to see a great deal in a very short time, you must make the best of it, and be content to see it in a hasty, scrambling way. A solitary enthusiast may feel constrained to confide to the public crude experiences and hasty impressions, but it is not easy to conceive why any one blessed with a travelling companion should think it necessary to let them go further. The only thing that can justify such a book is the originality that is always discovering new points of view from which to criticize familiar objects, and dashing off vivid little sketches of every-day life and character. Any one who aims at continually getting his subject up as he goes along can scarcely avoid falling into unconscious plagiarism or seeing with the eyes of other people. When we read the long list of unexceptionable authorities with which Miss Edwards armed herself, we get on the defensive at once, and look out for old ideas in slightly altered dress. To do her justice, she always does dress them prettily, but we meet Street with her in the Gothic Cathedral of Burgos, and Stirling in the galleries at Madrid. Father Claret and Sor Patrocinio, glimpses at politics generally, and a reference to the "Memoirs of an Attaché," remind us that we too have studied all these with Mr. Grant Duff; and where can one travel in Spain without stepping in the footprints of Mr. Richard Ford? It is the most natural thing in the world that Miss Edwards should turn to conversation with congenial companions like these, from the *laquais de place* and waiters with whom those who travel in a hurry are in a manner forced to live. But in a book that is hastily put together, what is valuable is seldom original, and what is original is seldom valuable. Had the authoress been compelled to turn out her tale of bricks, she would have deserved very great credit for the way in which she has got through her task. It must always be a problem why so many people should insist on telling us about a country where changes have been so much rarer than anywhere else, and where every subject has been treated by authors whose works have come to rank as classics. It may be the long winter evenings and the dearth of resources that tempt every second traveller to chronicle his journey; and Miss Edwards, with very indifferent opportunities, has made a much pleasanter book than most of her predecessors.

The ticket clerk at Biarritz showed much surprise at being asked by two ladies for tickets to Burgos. Unprotected female travellers have not yet become *cosas de España*. Even Miss Edwards and her friend who travelled in all comfort, and with an ample supply of luggage, patience, and good temper, experienced as ladies many little disagreeables, although they did not, like Miss Eyre, go through sufferings ever threatening to culminate in the crown of martyrdom. Miss Edwards holds a very sensible that there is no greater mistake than the excessive cutting down of luggage; and we quite agree with her. It was all very well in old days, when the size of your portmanteau might exclude you from the swifter *malle-poste*, and condemn you to the lumbering

* *Through Spain to the Sahara*. By Matilda Betham Edwards. London: Hurst & Blackett. 1867.

diligence. In the days of railways and luggage vans, changes of raiment for the body, and suitable food for the mind, are the cheapest luxuries a traveller can indulge in. But the number of loose packages with which Miss Edwards filled all the spare seats in her carriage, makes us suspect that, like many reformers, she holds extreme opinions. At Burgos they were agreeably surprised with the excessive cleanness of the inn. Miss Edwards seems to be an excellent traveller; like all sensible people, fond of comfort when it is to be had, but quite ready to endure the reverse when it is unavoidable. Luckily those who keep to the great thoroughfares between the Pyrenees and the Mediterranean have nowadays but few hardships to face, and those who take up the cudgels vehemently for Spanish hotels are attacking exploded prejudices and fighting windmills. At any rate, since French enterprise began the railways and French engineers began to frequent the principal towns, the inns to the north of the Sierra Morena have been steadily improving. Those to the south of it are superior to anything to be met with in France, out of a dozen of the leading towns. We should have said that garlic had been everywhere banished from the *salles-à-manger* to the kitchens, had not Miss Edwards been unlucky in her experiences. The cheerful aspect of Madrid struck the travellers, and certainly the proverb, "Give a dog an ill name," is quite to the point there. It puzzles one why so bright a town should have been so much abused. Its climate is certainly execrable, but if death lurks there, at least he keeps himself out of sight. There are no brighter streets in Europe than the Puerta del Sol and the Calle de Alcalá, and the Prater at Vienna in Easter week can hardly vie with the picturesque variety of equipages and the fantastic liveries of the Prado. Few capitals can boast anything to surpass the wild grandeur of the view from the plateau of the palace, with the rugged outlines of the mountains of the Guadarrama, whose chilling blasts make them such deadly neighbours to the town. The main object of the tour was a pilgrimage to the shrines of Spanish art, and to examine in particular the works of Velasquez and Murillo. Indeed, the former is only to be studied in Madrid. Elsewhere you may gather some idea of his marvellous force and delicate taste, but to comprehend all the reach of his intellect, and above all, his wonderful versatility of talent, you must go to Spain. But at the same time nowhere out of Madrid can one so easily read the history of the genius of Titian, from its rise and through its midday splendour to its decline in the battle-piece of Lepanto. There are forty-three of his works hanging on the walls of the *Museo*, and we can scarcely sympathize with the partial enthusiasm that could sacrifice to the great Spaniard the equally great Venetian. Miss Edwards worships the twin stars, Murillo and Velasquez, with the unbounded zeal of a devotee. We are inclined to yield to no one in admiration of the embodied beauty and sweetness of Murillo's Madonnas, at least when painted in his best form, for few artists have been more unequal. But we cannot feel with Miss Edwards that, "if you contemplate his pictures for a while, you seem to drop your fleshly garments, and float in golden ether with rapt virgins and smiling cherubs." His virgins are virgins incarnate, not spiritualized. They are lovely women of the fairest and rarest types of Spanish beauty, but, lovely as they are, you have only to set them side by side with those of Raffaele—the *Madonna de Serrilleta*, for example, by the *Madonna di San Sisto*—to acknowledge their earthly character. The very cherubs that look up from the bottom of the Italian's canvass humble those of Murillo into mere heavenly little boys. As a conscientious traveller, Miss Edwards passed, as she tells us, twenty minutes at a bull-fight. We are very sure, that, as she says, it was greatly *contre-cœur* that she did so, and we fancy that she must have had enough of it before the end of the bull. The description of his lingering death agony is hardly consistent with what we have been told of the sure thrust of a Cuchares, El Tato, or any other of the *premiers artistes* of the Madrid fancy. Miss Edwards broaches the bold but not unpalatable theory that the decline of Spain dates from the rise of Madrid, and that the insalubrious of the capital has poisoned the governing life of the country. We are inclined, with Prescott and other historians, to seek the primary cause in what she mentions as a secondary one—the Inquisition and its baneful influences. It is scarcely fair, however, that she should lay at the door of Loyola the origin or re-establishment of a tribunal founded by St. Dominic, and revived by the Dominican Torquemada. The Jesuits have sins enough of their own to answer for, without bearing the burdens of other people.

In Andalusia, where Miss Edwards breaks away in some measure from her guides, philosophers, and friends, we find her book much more pleasant. But we miss from her pages the old familiar heroes of Spanish and Moorish history and romance, and are disappointed when she passes mouldering towns famous in days gone by, without once caring to wake the echoes of the past. She left the city of the Cid without a word of the great Campædor; while Toledo suggested no thought of Di Luna, "Spain's haughty Constable," to say nothing of Don Roderick and La Cava. And here she passes the "Mountains of Malaga," stops twice at Loja, looks down from the Alhambra on the ravines of the Xenil and the Darro, over the Vega and back to the Alpujarras, with scarce a word of the struggle between the Cross and the Crescent. Even being mobbed like him in the Albaycin brought no fellow-feeling with Boabdil el Chico. Perhaps she dreaded descending to what she characterizes as "the pretty twaddle" of Washington Irving. To ourselves, we confess that some *coplas* from Spanish poetry, or snatches from Moorish ballads, would have been more

attractive than the passages from Latin poets we meet in the opening pages. The glimpse of the blue stocking which we caught as the lady mounted for her journey gave us some, we are bound to say, needless alarm. The chapter on the Alhambra is like the art it describes, bright and gay and fanciful, and some of the ideas strike us as very happy. It is a good specimen of Miss Edwards's style:—

The Alhambra is so ruined as a whole, and yet so perfect in parts, so bare here, so rich in colour there, so desolate, and yet so haunted by voices, that it reminds one most, I think, of beautiful antique jewellery. Some of the jewels have dropped out, the gold is tarnished, the clasp is broken, the crown is bent, but gaze a little time and all becomes as it once was. Pearl and amethyst, emerald and opal, blaze out on some lovely throat, a golden clasp is wound on some round white arm, and a crown shines on some golden head, perhaps of a goddess, perhaps of a woman. Nothing is lost or changed or dead.

Across the Straits in Africa, in a fresh, half-civilized, ever-changing country, Miss Edwards makes herself so entertaining, that we are only sorry she did not take steamer at Bordeaux, and, avoiding the Peninsula, spend much more time in Algiers. She is, as we have said, an excellent traveller, at home with all classes, and one who makes friends wherever she goes. She receives the confidences, the stories, and, we may add, the fictions of every one, from commandants of French ports downwards. She has a keen eye for the beautiful in nature and art, and in description her language has often a polished and easy grace, that reminds us of *Eothen*. If we get bored and sometimes grumble on our forced march through Spain, we are quite sorry to take leave of the travellers on the borders of Oran.

GERMAN LITERATURE.

FOUR more volumes of Gustav Freytag's "Pictures from the German Past" have made their appearance, and we presume that the work may now be regarded as complete. Celebrated as Freytag's novels have become even in this country, these volumes seem to us yet more worthy of acceptance, and, to a certain extent, of naturalization, amongst us. While fully as amusing as the best passages of *Debit and Credit*, or the *Lost Manuscript*, they are entirely free from the long tracts of sterile dullness in which those charming fragments are enclosed. The fact is that, in his novels, Herr Freytag has to depend upon his creative imagination as well as upon his observation and literary tact, and the first-named faculty is very apt to fail him when most required. In these historical and social delineations the material is ready to his hand, and all he has to do is to mould it into an attractive shape, and heighten its inherent picturesqueness by all the devices at the command of a skilful artist. We cannot too much commend the ability with which this has been effected, and the ease with which the author moves under the weight of an erudition which would have crushed many a *savant* to the earth. In the first of these recent volumes he deals with the Germany of the middle ages, and, by his tact in restricting himself to the picturesque features of the period, he has produced a fine Gothic panorama. The magnificence of the Imperial Court, the rude grandeur of the nobility, their feuds and forays, the stout opulent burghers and the growth of civil polity among their communities, the gainful commerce of the Hanse towns, the manners and costumes of the ladies, tournament and gipsy and minneinger, pass before us in a rapid succession of brilliant pictures, not too elaborate for good taste. Historical episodes are also freely interspersed, such as the conquest of Prussia and the Hussite wars. The same method is observed in the subsequent volumes. Thus Luther is the great figure of the second volume, and the salient feature of the third is its delineation of camp life in the Thirty Years' War, accompanied, however, with a forcible picture of the disastrous effect of that gigantic contest on the nation. The contents of the fourth volume are of a more private and personal character. Memoirs and biographies have been freely laid under contribution. On the whole, these are four volumes of delightful reading, the work of a literary craftsman of consummate skill.

The first volume of Arnold Schaefer's *History of the Seven Years' War* extends to the battle of Leuthen. The work is well written, and is one of great research; the writer has had access to many documents previously unpublished, especially in the Prussian and Russian archives; he has also made much use of the correspondence of the English diplomatists. Nevertheless, from his national pride and patriotic partiality for Frederick the Great, his work can only rank among party histories, or rather, apologies. It is throughout a laboured justification of Frederick's proceedings in commencing the war, on the ground that he merely anticipated the designs of his enemies. This is in itself sufficiently doubtful, and it seems never to have occurred to the author that, even if there were a combination against Frederick, it was no more than a just retribution for his robbery of Silesia in the War of Succession, an act of political brigandage only second in successful infamy to the partition of Poland.

The letters of Frederick the Pious, Elector Palatine, are part of a series intended to contain all the political correspondence of

* *Bilder aus der Deutschen Vergangenheit.* Von Gustav Freytag. Leipzig: Hirzel. London: Williams & Norgate.

† *Geschichte des siebenjährigen Kriegs.* Von A. Schaefer. Bd. 1. Berlin: Hertz. London: Williams & Norgate.

‡ *Briefe Friedrichs des Frommen, Kurfürsten von der Pfalz.* Gesammelt und bearbeitet von A. Kluckhohn. Bd. 1. Braunschweig: Schwetschke. London: Williams & Norgate.

the House of Wittelsbach, from 1550 to 1650. The Elector is described by the editor of his letters as "richly endowed, accomplished, and magnanimous," and this favourable character is confirmed by the letters themselves. They belong, however, to an obscure and not very attractive period of German history, and are chiefly interesting to foreign readers for the light they throw on the relations of the German Protestant princes with Queen Elizabeth and the Huguenots. Only the most important are given at length, but nevertheless this correspondence of seven years (1559-1566) makes a very thick volume.

"Travels in Greece," by the late unfortunate Emperor Maximilian, form the narrative of the first tour he undertook, at the early age of eighteen. It was considered by himself too juvenile for publication, but we do not for our own part perceive any marked difference between it and his other works of travel. All are equally characterized by a surprising precocity, which says more for the writer's excellent education, and ability to profit by it, than for the native force of his mind. Except for an evident predisposition to the romantic, and a fine susceptibility to generous emotions, there is scarcely anything characteristic of the author's extreme youth. These writings are a mirror in which may be discerned what high culture can, and what it cannot, effect for a mind of average force. No one, it is manifest, could have been better fitted than Maximilian to rule over a quiet, well-ordered community. Placed on the throne of Belgium, he might have been a second Leopold, so far as his domestic administration was concerned. To send him to Mexico in its present semi-barbarous condition was to strew the good seed over ground untouched by the plough. Apart from the interest attaching to every memorial of the writer, these travels present little worthy of remark. Maximilian travelled *en prince*, that is to say, in a rose-coloured mist of ceremony and obsequiousness. The only advantage of this manner of seeing the world is the opportunity the traveller enjoys of becoming acquainted with the inner life of sovereigns; accordingly, the most interesting part of the volume is the notice of King Otho's Court, especially his imperious and Amazonian consort.

Herr Maurer† is a man with one idea, and that idea is that Prussia ought to colonize the Nicobar Islands. He was, he tells us, first inspired with this project by seeing, sixteen years since, in the Museum at Copenhagen, a case of objects from the Nicobars, more particularly certain walking-sticks presented by the early Danish Governors to the native chiefs, and preserved by the latter with religious care for nearly a century. Since then, the idea of colonization has never ceased to occupy his thoughts, and he has only been prevented from making it public property by his inability to purchase the books necessary for an accurate description of the country. Such devotion and perseverance are very admirable, and we have reason to be thankful for his able and readable condensation of the annals of the abandoned Danish settlement. We must add, however, that his labours appear hardly calculated to promote the purpose he has at heart. The impression produced on any German desirous of proceeding to the Nicobars would be, we should think, that he had better stay at home. The islands seem utterly unadapted for colonization in the proper sense of the term, although they may serve very well for a victualling station, combined perhaps with a penal settlement. If Prussia really wants these luxuries, no foreign Power will object to her seeking them at the Nicobars or elsewhere. Her statesmen undoubtedly have an eye on the East, although we were not aware that, as stated in Herr Maurer's preface, King William is about to become "Sovereign of the non-Chinese portion of Formosa, and protector of the Sooloo Archipelago."

Kohl's‡ "History of Researches into the Gulf-Stream" is a very careful and interesting account of whatever has been recorded or conjectured, respecting this phenomenon, from Columbus to Lieutenant Maury. It is not generally known that the glory of having first investigated it scientifically belongs to Franklin, who, when Postmaster-General of the American colonies, discovered that the English packets were always a fortnight behind the American, the commanders of the latter being empirically acquainted with the direction of the current, which they kept secret.

Dr. Dorner§, with great industry and a calm mastery of his subject, investigates the philosophy of Bacon chiefly from the theological point of view. His conclusions respecting the vexed question of Bacon's character are summed up as follows:—"Baconis mores semper tales fuerunt ut quamdiu id quod bonum ei esse videbatur sine ullo suo periculo et dicere et facere poterat, tandiu honestum et pronuntiaverit et exercuerit. Sed si res ita sese habebant ut eligere deberet inter ea quæ bona et ea quæ ipsi utilia essent, bonum animo abstracto utili posthabebat si minimum ei imminabat periculum."

Herr Marx|| is a political economist of the most advanced democratic school. In his eyes the capitalist is the enemy of the

human species, and the wealth of the individual involves the misery of the mass. These opinions are obtaining some currency in certain orders of society, and, as it is therefore desirable that they should be thoroughly studied and comprehended, Herr Marx's work may repay attention. The author's views may be as pernicious as we conceive them to be, but there can be no question as to the plausibility of his logic, the vigour of his rhetoric, and the charm with which he invests the driest problems of political economy. His facts and illustrations, moreover, are chiefly derived from the social circumstances of England, where he appears to have resided for some years.

Dr. Piper's "Introduction to Monumental Theology*" is a work of great merit. The term is intended to denote the testimony afforded to prevalent theological opinions by public monuments, by works of art, but more particularly by inscriptions. Dr. Piper interprets his task in so liberal a spirit as to include also notices of the chief ecclesiastical historians. The value of his work for such episodes of Church history as the iconoclastic controversy is obvious, and it appears to be everywhere replete with matter of interest both to the historian and the archaeologist. In conclusion, an account is given of what modern scholars are already doing in this direction.

"Ancient Times," by J. Mohrmann†, is a very eccentric book, which might pass for a deliberate travesty of the theories of those comparative mythologists who bring the whole Iliad and Theogony out of the clouds and the showers. All religion, says the author, is the offspring of lunacy; if so, he is apparently not ill qualified to found a religion himself. For the present he is content to expound the old one, and marvellous are the discoveries he makes. Methuselah, who lived longer than any one else, is obviously a type of the grave. The archangel Gabriel is Hermes Chthonius; Lot "a congregation of Lydian Jews." Abraham resembled Lord Byron; the artichoke is sacred to him. Jacob is Aquarius, or Aquarius Jacob, we are not sure which. Interspersed amid this farrago of absurdities are some vigorous ethical reflections, some excellent stories, chiefly from Rabbinical sources, and some spirited verses.

Two additions have been made to the almost interminable series of modern lives of Christ. Both proceed from the rationalizing school, but they have little else in common. "Jesus the Nazarene,"† by F. Clemens, is a weak production, exceedingly flippant and trivial. "The History of Jesus of Nazara,"§ by Dr. T. Keim, is, on the other hand, a work of very considerable learning and research, though it is in every respect too ponderous for popularity. The author's views seem to approximate most nearly to those of the Tübingen school.

Reinke's essay on the prophecy of Nahum|| is an examination of the Greek, Syriac, Arabic, and St. Jerome's version, and of the Targum of Jonathan, with a view to the correction and explanation of the Hebrew text.

Ecclesiastical synods are in great favour just now. The Greek Church has always laid great stress upon them, and in the course of ages has accumulated a truly formidable mass of regulations for their management. The learned labours of Dr. Zhishman¶ have rendered these accessible to the Western world, and any one in search of a manual of synodology may be safely referred to his pages. To this is added an extremely full account of the ecclesiastical organization of the Greek Church, comprehending the duties of the bishop and all his assistants, from the oecumenus and the protecdicus down to the laosynactes and the categoryriæ. The most advanced English "Ritualist" who may obtain access to this treatise will speedily be convinced that he has much to learn.

The fifth volume of Bishop Räs's** memoirs of eminent converts to Romanism extends from 1621 to 1638. It contains no name of interest except that of Sir Kenelm Digby.

Professor Rochholz's†† work on German folk-lore is in the main a comparison of the latter with the parallel beliefs of the other Indo-European nations, particularly the Hindoos. The first volume relates to popular mythology, and is designed to illustrate the gradual progress of the race from superstition to clear views of religion and philosophy. The second volume treats of the myths and customs connected with domestic life, as illustrations of the formation of civil society. Like most works on the subject, these volumes abound with picturesque legendary matter, but the writer's own comments are frequently far-fetched and fanciful.

* *Einleitung in die monumentale Theologie.* Von Dr. F. Piper. Gotha: Besser. London: Williams & Norgate.

† *Alte Zeiten.* Von Johannes Mohrmann. Bd. 1. Hamburg: Schuberth. London: Williams & Norgate.

‡ *Jesus der Nazarener.* Von F. Clemens. Hamburg: Eigenhans des Verfassers. London: Williams & Norgate.

§ *Geschichte Jesu von Nazara in ihrer Verkettung mit dem Gesamtleben seines Volkes.* Von Dr. Theodor Keim. Bd. 1. Zürich: Orell & Co. London: Williams & Norgate.

|| *Zur Kritik der älteren Versionen des Propheten Nahum.* Von L. Reinke. Münster: Niemann. London: Asher & Co.

¶ *Die Synoden und die Episkopal-Aemter in der morgenländischen Kirche.* Von Dr. Jos. Zhishman. Wien: Braumüller. London: Williams & Norgate.

** *Die Convertitenseit der Reformation nach ihren Leben und aus ihren Schriften dargestellt.* Von Dr. A. Räs. Bd. 5. Freiburg: Herder. London: Williams & Norgate.

†† *Deutscher Glaube und Brauch im Spiegel der heidnischen Vorzeit.* Von G. L. Rochholz. 2 Bde. Berlin: Dümmler. London: Williams & Norgate.

* *Mein erster Ausflug. Wanderungen in Griechenland.* Von Maximilian I. Leipzig: Duncker & Humblot. London: Williams & Norgate.

† *Die Nikobaren. Colonial-Geschichte und Beschreibung, nebst motivirtem Vorschlage zur Colonisation dieser Inseln durch Preussen.* Berlin: Heymann.

‡ *Geschichte des Golfstroms und seiner Erforschung.* Von J. G. Kohl. Bremen: Müller. London: Williams & Norgate.

§ *De Baconis Philosophia.* Scripsit Aug. Dorner. Berolini: Hertz. London: Williams & Norgate.

|| *Das Kapital. Kritik der politischen Oekonomie.* Von K. Marx. Bd. 1. Hamburg: Meissner. London: Williams & Norgate.

The third volume of the collection of German historical ballads* published at the expense of the late King of Bavaria comprises those which were composed between 1507 and 1529, towards which latter period the invention of printing, and the Reformation, cause them to increase largely both in number and interest. It would be in vain to seek for much poetical merit among them, but excellence of this description is no measure of their value for the historian. The editor has annexed an introduction to each ballad, and a brief but valuable commentary.

There is more poetry in a collection of bridal songs† current among the German inhabitants of Hungary. They are apparently of different ages, and certainly of very different styles, but nearly all characterised by naïveté and warmth of feeling; most are also religious in tone. It may be questioned how far the collection is a complete reflex of the popular mind, for the editor, a zealous and simple-minded clergyman, will naturally have taken care to exclude anything frivolous or licentious. The speeches and ceremonies usual at betrothals are prefixed.

Judging from the specimens before us of translations from the Roumanian poets‡, we should say that Roumanian poetry greatly resembles that of the other Latin races, the French excepted. The Roumanians share with Italians, Spaniards, and Portuguese the dangerous endowment of a language abounding in rhymes and attuned to melody, in which verse may be written with almost as much facility as prose. Just as the possessors of the most fertile soils are the worst agriculturists, so the minstrels whose mechanical difficulties are so few are apt to be rather improvisatori than poets. They become negligent, diffuse, careless of form and measure, more studious of sound than of sense, poor in thought and opulent in diction. The peculiar beauties by which these defects are compensated disappear in translation, and only the impression of a general shortcoming remains. Nevertheless, considerable vigour as well as true poetical feeling is to be recognised in the pieces, especially the political ballads, of George Sion, the only one among them who displays much feeling for the realities of life. Alexandri and Boletiniانو excel in romantic ballads and sentimental love songs; their reputation is greater than Sion's, and their works bear no doubt a stronger impress of nationality. One or two of the minor poets have distinguished themselves as fabulists; the rest are principally imitators of those already mentioned. The metrical forms generally employed are those most usual in English and German poetry. The translator, who has apparently done his work well, is a German of the Bukovina. He seems to be afraid of incurring unpopularity among his countrymen for the attention he has bestowed on the literature of the rival race.

A collection of the popular poetry of modern Greece § introduces us to quite another department of thought and feeling. The largest portion are heroic ballads descriptive of contests with the Turks, in a style already familiar to us. There are, however, several love pieces, mostly mere snatches of song. Rough as many of these poems are, and deformed by want of elevation and by frequent repetitions, they are still inspired by the true spirit of popular song, and full of the simple but inimitable beauties peculiar to this indigenous class of literature. The volume is partly compiled from other similar collections, and partly the fruit of the translator's own researches in the country. It is intended as a sequel to a collection published no less than twenty-seven years since, and will itself be succeeded by a third volume.

The poems of the eminent Orientalist, Dr. Kalisch||, more than justify the modest pretensions of the author. They are the occasional relaxations of an accomplished scholar, essaying no lofty flights, but the simple and pleasing expression of educated thought. Some are translations from the Old Testament, others independent compositions on Biblical subjects; perhaps the most remarkable are a series of short pieces on the characteristics of great poets. They are inscribed to the Baroness de Rothschild.

Dr. Henkel¶, in criticizing the various attempts which have been made to translate Homer into English, justly remarks that the German and English ideals of a successful translation are very different. While giving the preference to the former, he has the candour to admit that the freer renderings of the English have done more than the Germans have hitherto effected to popularize classic modes of thought among the reading part of the nation. Among English translators he awards the palm to Lord Derby. Dr. Henkel's views agree in general with Mr. Arnold's, although he is naturally somewhat astonished at the discovery that the English language is better adapted for hexameters than the German, and rather unkindly points to Mr. Arnold's own hexameters as a conclusive disproof.

* Die historischen Volkslieder der Deutschen, vom 13. bis 16. Jahrhundert. Gesammelt und erläutert von R. von Liliencron. Bd. 3. Leipzig: Vogel. London: Williams & Norgate.

† Brautsprüche und Braut-Lieder auf dem Heideboden in Ungern. Gesammelt und geordnet von K. Sztachovics. Wien: Braumüller. London: Williams & Norgate.

‡ Romanische Poeten. In ihren originalen Formen und metrisch übersetzt. Von L. A. Staufe. Wien: Pichler. London: Williams & Norgate.

§ Τραγούδια 'Ρωμανία. Neugriechische Volksgesänge. Urtext und Übersetzung. Von J. M. Firmenich-Richartz. Berlin: Hertz. London: Williams & Norgate.

¶ Leben und Kunst. Gedichte in fünf Abtheilungen. Von M. M. Kalisch. Leipzig: Fritsch. London: Nutt.

|| Iliad und Odyssee und ihre Übersetzer in England, von Chapman bis auf Lord Derby. Von Dr. W. Henkel. Herstdel: Böttich & Höhl.

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ADVERTISEMENTS.

MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS, St. James's Hall.—On Monday Evening next, January 20, the Programme will include Schubert's Quartet in A minor; Mendelssohn's Sonata in B-flat for Piano and Cello; Beethoven's Quartet for Piano alone. Executants, Madame Arabella Goddard, M.M. Straus, L. Ries, Zerbin, and Platin. Vocalist, Mr. Sims Reeves. Sofa Stalls, 5s.; Balcony, 3s.; Admission, 1s.—Programmes and Tickets at Chappell & Co.'s, 50 New Bond Street; Keith, Frowse, & Co.'s, 48 Chancery; and at Austin's, 28 Piccadilly.

WEDNESDAY NEXT.—THE SIXTH BALLAD CONCERT. On Wednesday Evening, at Eight o'clock, will be given, at St. James's Hall, the SIXTH of the LONDON BALLAD CONCERTS, under the direction of Mr. JOHN BURSEY. Vocalists, Madlle. Lichart, Madlle. Amelia May, Miss Julia Eikon, and Madame Salomon-Dobry; Mr. Wilby Cooper, and Mr. Lewis Thomas. Harp, Mr. Aptommas. Pianoforte, Madame Arabella Goddard. The St. Cecilia Choral Society, of Eighty Voices, under the direction of Mr. C. J. Hargitt. Conductor, Mr. J. L. Hutton.—Stalls, 5s.; Balcony, 3s.; Area, 2s.; Gallery, 1s.—Tickets to be had at the usual places, and of Boney & Co., Holles Street.

MR. HENRY LESLIE'S CONCERTS, St. James's Hall.—ORCHESTRAL AND CHORAL CONCERTS on Thursday Evenings, Feb. 6, 20, March 6, 13, 20. Choral Concerts on Feb. 13, 27; March 12; and April 2. Mendelssohn's "Elijah," "Midsummer Night's Dream," Music, and "Reformation" Symphony. Cherubini's "Inclina, Domine"; Beethoven's "Choral Fantasia"; Gounod's "Messe Solennelle"; with Selections from Handel, Mozart, Schubert, Bach, Mendelssohn, Beethoven, &c.; Madrigals and Part-Songs, Songs and Gleees by Purcell, Arne, Bishop, &c. The most eminent Artists. Professional Band of Sixty. Mr. Henry Leslie's Choir.—Tickets (at Popular Prices) and Prospectuses at all Music-sellers, and Austin's, St. James's Hall.

ST. GEORGE'S OPERA HOUSE, Langham Place, Oxford Circus.—Under the Direction of Mr. GERMAN REED.—A New and Original Comic Opera (great success), in Two Acts, by F. C. Burnand, the Music by Arthur Sullivan, entitled THE CONTRABANDISTA. And Offenbach's popular Operatic Extravaganza CHING-CHOW-HI. Every Evening, at Half-past Seven. Morning Performance every Friday, at Two.—Pit, 1s.; Balcony, 2s.; Stalls, 3s.; Orchestra Stalls, 5s.; Private Boxes, 23 3s. and 27 3s.

MR. and Mrs. GERMAN REED, with Mr. JOHN PARRY, their New Entertainment, QUIET CHATEAU, by H. Bore, in which Miss SINCLAIRE will also appear. New Music by Miss V. Gabriel. With MERRY-MAKING by Mr. John Parry. Every Evening (except Saturday), at Eight; Thursday and Saturday, at Three.—Royal Gallery of Illustration, 14 Regent Street. Admission, 1s., 2s., 3s., and 5s.

THE SOCIETY OF PAINTERS in WATER-COLOURS.—THE WINTER EXHIBITION OF SKETCHES AND STUDIES by the MEMBERS is NOW OPEN, at 5 Pall Mall East. Ten till Five.—Admission, 1s. Gas on dark days.

"THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS" and "THE STORM," by A. BURNARD. The two grandest Landscape Paintings in Modern Art. Sold for £5,000, and lately Exhibited to Her Majesty. At T. McLEAN'S New Gallery, 7 Haymarket. Admission, 1s.

GUSTAVE DORÉ'S GREAT PAINTINGS are NOW on EXHIBITION at the Egyptian Hall, Piccadilly. Open daily from Eleven a.m. till Six p.m.—Admission, 1s. Season Tickets, available for Three Months, 5s. The Hall is lighted up Day and Night.

BRITISH ASSOCIATION for the ADVANCEMENT of SCIENCE.—The next ANNUAL MEETING of the ASSOCIATION will be held at Norwich, commencing on Wednesday, August 19.

President Elect—JOSEPH DALTON HOOKER, M.D., D.C.L., F.R.S., F.L.S., F.G.S. General Secretaries—FRANCIS GALTON, Esq., M.A., F.R.S., F.R.G.S., 49 Rutland Gate, Knightsbridge, London, S.W. T. ARCHER HIRST, Esq., F.R.S., F.R.A.S., Professor of Mathematics in University College, London. Assistant General Secretary—GEORGE GREFFITH, Esq., M.A., 1 Woodside, Harrow, N.W. General Treasurer—WILLIAM SPOTTISWOOD, Esq., F.R.S., F.R.G.S., 50 Grosvenor Place, London, S.W. Local Secretaries—Dr. DALRYMPLE, Rev. Canon HINDS HOWELL, Rev. Joseph Crampton, M.A. Local Treasurers—S. GURNEY BUXTON, Esq.; ROGER KERRISON, Esq.

ÉGLISE CATHOLIQUE APOSTOLIQUE, Gordon Square, W.C., Près d'Euston Square, à trois heures et demi du Soir. CONFÉRENCES en FRANÇAIS sur L'ÉGLISE CHRÉTIENNE par M. l'abbé C. MASSIOT, Ancien Vicaire de Paris, et Chanoine d'Évreux.

L'ÉGLISE—FAMILLE DE DIEU. Le Dimanche, 26 Janvier.
L'ÉGLISE—TEMPLE DU SAINT-ESPRIT. Le Dimanche, 2 Février.
L'ÉGLISE—CORPS DE CHRIST. Le Dimanche, 9 Février.
L'ÉGLISE—ÉPOUSE DE L'AGNEAU.

BRITISH SERVICE CLUB, 4 Park Place, St. James's. The EARL of LICHFIELD, Chairman.

The COMMITTEE having made arrangements to open the adjoining House for the accommodation of a larger number of Members, the QUALIFICATION for MEMBERSHIP has been temporarily Suspended, and the Club is now open to any Gentleman properly Proposed and Seconded.

Entrance Fee.....£5 5 0
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For further information, apply to the SECRETARY.

QUEEN'S UNIVERSITY in IRELAND.—LOCAL EXAMINATIONS.

The EXAMINATION of PERSONS who are not Members of the University will be held in DUBLIN, BELFAST, CORK, and GALWAY, on Tuesday, June 10, and the following Days.

The Subjects of Examination are the ordinary Subjects of School Education.

The Junior Examination is for Boys under Fifteen Years of Age; the other for Candidates of any age.

Application to be made on or before the First Saturday in May, to the SECRETARY, Queen's University, Dublin Castle, from whom Copies of the Regulations may be had on application.